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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The course of events since the Allies entered Peking has amply justified the forecasts that were made of the difficulties and dissensions that would arise amongst the Powers when the Legations were rescued. Affairs in China are practically at a deadlock, of which no man or Government can divine the issue unless it be the astute Russians, who have made a proposal that they and the other Powers shall quietly withdraw from Peking and then wait for what may happen. This prescience does not seem improbable, when the promptness is considered with which Russia placed before the Powers the complications in which they had become involved by the success of the Court in escaping from Peking to the old city of Si-ngan. In the motley cortège of Emperor, Empress, and Princes that eluded the Allies at Peking, are to be found at once the only legitimate source of authority in China, and the authors of all the evils which have brought the country into its present state of chaos. It is precisely because the removal to Si-ngan has paralysed their action for the present that the Powers are in their present dilemma.

It is not difficult to see that Russia is cleverly taking advantage of this embarrassment, in order to free herself of the restraint which would be placed on her freedom of action if a reformed government under the control of the Powers were established. The situation is defined for them thus by Russia. It is impossible that a military expedition should pursue the flying Court into Shanse. There it is inaccessible, and you cannot even begin to set up a government for China in the absence of its legitimate sovereign. His return involves that of the rest, and if they are to return it will have to be at the sacrifice of all the objects except that of the mere rescue of the Legations, with which you set out. Unless Russia is to be the complete mistress of the situation some answer will have to be found to this very shrewd argument. Such answer the various Courts of Europe are now trying to find, and it would be in vain to pretend that one knows what it will be. In all probability no answer has yet been found. What does seem a little clearer however since America first startled Europe by appearing to accept off-hand the Russian proposal for the evacuation of Peking, is that American politicians are protesting that this was never intended, and her own citizens in China have made it sufficiently clear that

they look on such a step as fatal. There seems good reason to believe that, whatever the solution of the crisis may be, the growth of European opinion is all towards the determination that Peking must be firmly held. Germany seems to have made up her mind to this and her action and Great Britain's together would be decisive.

In the action of the loyal Viceroy, whose aid may be sought in proposing such terms to the Empress as would enable her to resume a more congenial life than she can lead at Si-ngan, and for this purpose to bring to bear on her sufficient inducements to persuade her to dissociate herself from the sinister figures by whom she is at present surrounded, perhaps lie the greatest possibilities. There are none in such steps as the Empress has so far taken by her appointments as Peace Commissioners of the reactionaries whose names are either known as actual participators in recent events, or who were doubtfully friendly, as was Prince Ching, who also happens to be, like his fellow Commissioner Li Hung Chang, persona grata with the Russians. What prospect would there be with the Empress and her suite back in Peking, her position and that of her courtiers being unchanged, of utilising what Mr. Rockhill terms the "beautiful occasion to settle for all time the status of foreigners in China"? All would have to be done over again, for nothing has yet been done which impresses on the Chinese populace the irresistible conviction that Europe has avenged its insults and safeguarded its future position. The evacuation of Peking would appear to it irrefragable proof to the contrary.

The Moscow correspondent of the "Standard" gives a terrible account of the atrocities perpetrated by the Cossacks along the Amur, on the Russian side. Men, women, and children were slaughtered and their bodies thrown into the river, while houses were burnt, razed to the ground, or looted. Moreover it is said that the same scenes occurred in the town of Blagovesçensk itself—"under the eyes of the authorities, in a city under martial law." Of course the official order attempts to show that the barbarous behaviour of the Cossacks has been exaggerated and it makes hypocritical assurances that all Chinamen will be protected in the future. It is curious to note that, at the very time these atrocities were being committed, the Russian press was declaiming against the brutal treatment of the Boers by the British, and the Russian Government—while also advocating with wondrous consideration the withdrawal of the allies from Peking—was allowing its Cossacks to defy the humanitarian principles so eloquently yet uselessly unfolded at the Peace Conference some fifteen months ago.

Events in the Transvaal appear to be developing satisfactorily. On 1 September Lord Roberts, acting under a Royal Warrant, dated 4 July, issued a proclamation which announced that the Transvaal thenceforth would form part of Her Majesty's dominions. It would seem, therefore, that in the Commander-in-Chief's opinion, the war is practically over. Sir Redvers Buller is now facing General Botha on the road over the mountains which command Lydenburg. It is described as a position of immense natural strength. On the 29th he telegraphed from Helvetia that few of the enemy remained at that place; and on the following day he was overlooking Nooitgedacht, where he had the satisfaction of releasing 1,800 ill-fed and semi-clothed British prisoners. Mr. Kruger's whereabouts remains a mystery. It is probable that he is on the railway ready to move eastwards when occasion arises. It is said that food is scarce among the Boers. Ladybrand has been relieved, and another regrettable incident thus avoided. But it is to be feared that the Boers accomplished their object in carrying away a large quantity of stores. Reports speak of the presence of armed Boers at Thaba Nchu, and of fighting in the vicinity of Bloemfontein Waterworks. The state of affairs in the Orange Colony cannot, therefore, be regarded as satisfactory.

Sailors, whether afloat or ashore, are seldom careful of the finer shades of language. Objurgation is their daily bread, and they probably believe that hard words not only break no bones, but hurt no feelings. Captain Hedworth Lambton seems to be no exception to the rule, for in his letter to the "Times" this week he trusts that he is "not lacking in the courtesy due to an old friend" when he describes Mr. Brodrick's "flowery eloquence" as "the easy optimism of a self-satisfied Jack-in-office." To the mere landlubber this phrase seems to touch the extreme limits of controversy possible, we will not say between old friends, but between gentlemen in public life. But let that pass. Much of Captain Lambton's criticism of the deficiency of our artillery equipment as compared with that of the Boers cannot be refuted, and we do not seek to minimise the responsibility of the Government in the matter of guns. But his future constituents have a right to know under whose flag and whose orders Captain Lambton intends to sail.

That the gallant commander of the naval brigade at Ladysmith does not sail under Lord Salisbury or Mr. Chamberlain we all know. But who is his leader? Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has been emphatically described by the ex-Attorney-General as "the only leader of the Liberal party." But if Captain Lambton is a follower of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, he would be well advised not to harp too much upon England's unpreparedness for the war, as it was Sir Henry who declared in July 1899 that "he saw no reason for military preparations." But Captain Lambton may decline to obey Sir Henry, and declare that Lord Rosebery is his chief. Lord Rosebery, however, has repeatedly told us that he is a private individual, and he does not even sit upon the front Opposition bench in the House of Lords. Or is his leader Lord Durham? What, by the way, are Captain Lambton's views on domestic politics? Is he prepared to toe Mr. Labouchere's line and abolish the House of Lords? The gallant Captain is rather an interesting candidate.

As we said last week, the power of dissolution is in the hands of the Prime Minister, and Lord Salisbury is the last man in the world to make a premature disclosure of his intentions even to his colleagues, still less to anyone outside the Cabinet. But there are certain physical arrangements for the meeting of the Houses of Parliament, of which certain officers connected with the Palace of Westminster have of course to be advised beforehand. We have reason to suppose that the House of Commons will be summoned to meet early in October, for the obvious purpose of voting more money for the war. Had Sir Michael Hicks Beach taken the advice which was offered to him from competent quarters in the City and instead of inviting the public first to subscribe the khaki loan and then to take up Exchequer bonds asked early in the

year for powers to issue Consols as and when required, the disagreeable necessity of calling Parliament together in the autumn would have been avoided. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer is self-willed, and his obstinacy will probably do the Government much harm. Whether Parliament will be prorogued until January and then dissolved, or whether it will be dissolved at its rising next month, will depend, we should think, upon the state of affairs in South Africa.

The meetings of the first and second debenture holders of the Delagoa Bay Railway on Thursday unanimously accepted the scheme for distributing the award the substance of which has already appeared in the Press. Wisely the first bondholders did not insist on their pound of flesh, and wisely the second bondholders took what they could get. It now only remains for the Governments of Great Britain and the United States to give effect to the compromise, which, considering how long the business has dragged on, it may be hoped they will do with less than the usual official delay. As Sir Cuthbert Quilter said, it has been a bitter object lesson in arbitration, and not the first one either, though we trust it will be the last, for somehow or other England generally comes out of the arbitration court with considerable loss, either of prestige or of money. Sir Cuthbert Quilter's speech to the first debenture holders was at one time perilously near a political disquisition upon the comparative merits of Lord Palmerston's and Lord Salisbury's foreign policy.

The Tsar's autograph letter to President Loubet, presented by Prince Orusoff at Rambouillet on Monday last, has naturally excited much comment in the Parisian press. Although it is generally accepted as an expression of great goodwill towards France, it nevertheless shows in the clearest fashion that the Tsar has no intention of visiting Paris this year—and this, of course, has given the Nationalists another opportunity of violently attacking the President and Ministry in their most characteristic manner. A more shameful display of unpatriotic feeling has never come from the anti-Semitic press; while in the Nationalist "Liberté" we read that the Tsar's real reason for not patronising the Exhibition lies in the "fact" that he refuses to be received by "a Loubet" and "a Millerand." The same paper goes on to say that the Russian Emperor disapproved of General Galliffet and General André's treatment of Generals Jamont and Delanne; and also that the French Government made a loan to Russia conditional on the Imperial visit to the Exhibition! All this makes one wish more than ever that the Bill introduced to limit the freedom of the press will be passed by the Chamber as it was in the first instance by the Senate. But we fear that the Palais Bourbon will not show itself so courageous as the "Palais du Sommeil," and that the Nationalist and anti-Semitic press may safely make preparations for continuing their infamous campaign against the incoming Chambers.

The reception of the Delegates of the British Chambers of Commerce, representing the commercial interests of all parts of the United Kingdom, and conducted with the greatest cordiality at Calais on Tuesday last, was chiefly remarkable for the admirable speech delivered on Anglo-French relations by M. Darquier, the President of the Calais Chamber of Commerce. After welcoming the visitors in the most courteous manner, M. Darquier paid a glowing tribute to the "revered and respected Sovereign, the noble and august Queen Victoria," and strongly condemned those who, by their cowardly and unchivalrous attacks, had jeopardised the reputation held by the French people as being invariably "amiable," "courteous," and "polite." Nor did M. Darquier lose this opportunity of insisting upon the importance, both moral and commercial, of a friendly feeling between England and France; and Lord Avebury, in reply, declared that "war between the two countries would be an evil so terrible that one could not bear to think of it for one moment." In Paris the three hundred Delegates met with the same cordial and eminently satisfactory welcome from M. Millerand; and the proceedings, happily, were entirely free from the disagreeable incidents that took place when Sir Edmond Monson

—at the same highly important ceremony—made his famous reference to the “pin-pricking” policy of France.

It is again rumoured by the “*Libre Parole*” that President Loubet will reinstate Captain Dreyfus and Colonel Picquart after the Exhibition, and also pardon the High Court exiles and prisoner. That accomplished, he will resign. In the days of Félix Faure, Elysée news in the “*Libre Parole*” was occasionally reliable—for Gyp, M. Drumont’s ardent collaborator, was one of the late President’s most intimate friends and often received “copy” from his hands as a particular favour. Now, however, the report may safely be disregarded; and Parisians need not fear the troublesome reappearance of MM. Déroulède, Habert, and Jules Guérin unless the anti-Republican party becomes strong enough to overthrow the chiefs of the existing régime. Still, the exiles at Saint Sebastian keep themselves well before the public with stirring declarations; and even the Duc d’Orléans has come into notice again with a patriotic letter to the “*Soleil*” wherein he says, “I have defended the Army—the honour and safeguard of the country. I have denounced Jewish Cosmopolitanism and Freemasonry—the ruin and dishonour of the country. To reform in order to preserve—that is my programme in its entirety.” Unfortunately, there is no earthly chance of the Duc d’Orléans ever being allowed to introduce reforms and pursue his programme. His position was never more hopeless, for the contempt with which he is regarded by all patriotic Frenchmen was never stronger.

We observe with satisfaction that our prognostications regarding the recent unrest in the Balkans have not been falsified. A mere misunderstanding is not a *casus belli* for such prudent sovereigns as King Charles and Prince Ferdinand, who must have realised long ago that, beyond a remote reversion in Macedonia, no sort of pretext for a quarrel obscured their horizon. Moreover, as we anticipated, the Prince of Bulgaria has lost no time in condemning the unruly conspiracies, which had provoked the warm protests of his neighbour, and he threatened even abdication if his wishes were not respected. Each country has now for many years pursued those paths of prudence and patient industry, which, though not always easy to discover in the Balkans, are the only avenue to permanent prosperity, and we trust that there may be no further deviation from them. Some clouds of irritation will remain awhile, but the storm is not to be regretted if it shall be found to have cleared the air. Indeed, so homogeneous are the highest interests of the Balkan States that there is no extravagance in looking forward to an *amoris integratio* after the explosion of these neighbours’ ire.

Queen Victoria’s cordial congratulations to the Padisha on the occasion of his jubilee will not only find a sympathetic echo throughout our Muhammadan Empire but will evoke many sentiments which have been suffered to slumber in this country. Though we continue to regard the Turk as an intruder in Europe, though some of us would like to impose the doubtful benefits of a constitution, every lover of the picturesqueness of past times must add his tribute to the rejoicings which are now in progress on the Golden Horn. The fury of prejudice and misunderstanding, whereby Abdul Hamid was held personally responsible for certain deplorable incidents, is overpast; England no longer expresses herself in the nasal notes of Exeter Hall or the City Temple; and we may return to pleasanter memories concerning “our ancient ally.” However largely we may admit shortcomings in his character, we cannot fail to be touched by the generous sympathy which the Sultan, almost alone among the rulers of the earth, exhibited during our recent difficulties, and our soldiers are not likely to forget his graceful and timely gift.

The Indian Famine runs some risk of dragging on like an African war. Though the weather conditions are now favourable for agriculture, field work in full swing, and the earlier autumn crops reaching maturity, the numbers in receipt of State relief are still little

short of the enormous total of five millions—a figure never reached before at the worst stage of any famine. An encouraging feature however is that the great relief camps are being abandoned and the pressure is now on gratuities distributed to the people at their own homes. This marks the beginning of the end. When the labourers return home many of them require assistance till they can settle down again to their usual occupations. The relief can then be quietly and gradually withdrawn. These operations demand great firmness as well as great prudence. Laxity will mean public demoralisation not less mischievous than famine. Lord Curzon’s action at an earlier stage shows that he fully grasped this danger. In his autumn tour, which is now announced, he will no doubt satisfy himself that the proper measures to avert it are taken by the local authorities.

The “*Pioneer*” has preserved a little gem of famine literature. A district officer in Bombay reporting the discovery of extensive frauds by native subordinates entrusted with the distribution of relief money and the punishments he had inflicted on them, thus explains his lenience towards one particular offender. “I thought he was not so much fraudulent as imbecile. I have therefore fined him a month’s pay and reverted him to the Educational Department.” The universities and School Boards here are clearly neglecting a useful function. Not to speak of some directors of public companies or officers holding military commands in Africa, there are many public officials in Pall Mall whose recent events and disclosures indicate as suitable subjects for honourable seclusion in the manner initiated by the Bombay collector.

The jealousies and heartburnings which have been the accompaniment of Australian Federation seem to have spread to the offices of the Agents-General in London. It has always been understood that when the Southern Colonies managed to sink their provincial differences sufficiently to render unity possible, the half-dozen petty ambassadors hitherto retained in the capital of the Empire would be no longer necessary. The six Australian Agents-General are destined to disappear in a single Australian High Commissioner. Who is that High Commissioner to be? The question moves certain sections of Australian opinion hardly less than the problem of the capital. An excellent compromise no doubt would be the appointment of Sir Andrew Clarke, the doyen of the Agents-General, as the first representative of United Australia. But that would leave unsolved the further problem, what is to become of the present Agents-General? That the several States will have special representatives in London is fairly certain, but they will be merely chief clerks of departments. Will the Agents-General consent to be that? Hardly. They will take the same view of their personal dignity that each province has taken of its corporate dignity in the past. They will not consent to be subordinate in the interests of the whole, but will discover that political exigencies in the Colonies demand their immediate return to Australia.

Novelty in the Presidential addresses of the British Association gatherings cannot reasonably be expected every year. In this respect Sir William Turner’s address, which went to prove as the Bishop of Ripon is reported punningly to have said that “life is a cell,” falls short of those delivered by several of his predecessors. He had no startling new theory to enunciate, but his address is hardly the less valuable on that account. It sums up learnedly the history of the biological discoveries of the century. Nor do we find in the departmental addresses, admirable and eclectic though they are, anything especially new. We are only astonished at the literary grace with which so many of the presidents of sections adorn such abstruse and practical problems as those dealt with by Dr. Joseph Larmor, Prof. W. H. Perkin, Prof. Sollas, and Sir Alexander Binnie. Sir George Robertson in his address on the Expansion of the Empire was chiefly concerned to know when and where the process will end. The British Empire, as he showed, is one of magnificent distances, which have shrunk under the

influence of steam and electricity. The shrinkage is scientific only. The Empire grows despite all efforts to avoid the absorption of small and backward States; expansion will cease only when our frontiers march with those of other Great Powers.

The Duke of the Abruzzi, as a naval officer and a mountaineer, was pre-eminently qualified to beat the Arctic record, and it is hardly surprising to learn that he has succeeded in doing so. Dr. Nansen's record stood at latitude 86 deg. 14 min.; the Duke went as far as 86 deg. 33 min. His journey will no doubt prove as interesting scientifically as Dr. Nansen's. It was accomplished under conditions which taxed the resources of the leader and the powers of endurance of his followers to the utmost. Four members died of hardship, and to such straits were the party reduced that they had to eat their sledge-dogs, the only variant on their diet being the flesh of the bears which they were lucky enough to shoot. The Duke's triumph is the outcome of persistent observation and effort to find a way further north than any explorer has hitherto attained.

Trades unionism in its parliament at Huddersfield has been as little interesting as the Parliament of general politics. There was a lack of those special subjects which working men are competent to discuss, and the introductory address of the President does not compensate when it wanders as Mr. Pickles' did, into the regions of theoretical and philosophical economical and social questions. Last year there were seventy-nine resolutions on the agenda; this year there are thirty-eight. Most of them are only of technical interest to trade unionists themselves, but the ordinary person can at least appreciate the humour of the reference to the well-known "besetting" case of Lyons v. Wilkins. Costs of £170 have been paid to the solicitors and "there is hope of getting them back," first because the legal profession is so just and generous, and secondly because it will be no loss to the profession, as it is proposed to hand over the money to the Belfast Union of Butchers to prosecute an appeal to the House of Lords! More serious is Mr. Bell's reference to Mr. Justice Farwell's decision in the Taff Vale case granting an injunction against the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants for besetting. This surprises all previous legal notions as to the liability of societies as such: and the opinion of the profession is doubtful as to its correctness. There will be an appeal to the House of Lords for the point is extremely important.

Close upon the warnings given by eminent doctors and writers in magazines, comes the plague itself. For some time they have been calling attention to the possibility of it appearing in European or English ports; and although we believe that they spoke somewhat wildly in the beginning, we regret that they were not listened to with more consideration and attention. No new cases of the plague have been recorded in Glasgow since Tuesday afternoon; and Dr. Chalmers, the medical officer of health, takes a hopeful view of the situation. But even if Glasgow is spared panic by the news that the plague has been successfully stamped out, its commerce will suffer for some time to come. The authorities, of course, have been anxiously engaged in endeavouring to trace the sources of the epidemic; but since they have been unable to arrive at any conclusion as yet, and since foreign countries still continue to proclaim quarantine, the situation is regarded with great concern. The action of the United States is particularly disturbing, on account of the great Transatlantic trade done by Glasgow. America cannot be blamed for imposing quarantine on all passengers from Scotland, but we do not see why all "passengers from the British Isles" should be affected.

There are people who predict that the Central London Railway will have the result of promoting a friendly feeling among all classes, of making everyone amiable and polite. All sorts and conditions of people must travel side by side, argue these enthusiasts; the man in the silk hat will get to understand and appreciate the workman, while the roughest navy will enjoy the same

privileges as the most insufferable City clerk. Democracy, in fact, will flourish as it has never flourished before; an "entente cordiale" will spring up between the poor and the rich. But, with due regard to these blithe optimists, we must confess that this friendly state of affairs shows no sign yet of establishing itself. Distinct instances are on record of ill-feeling between the silk-hatted one and the workman, and many an exchange of unflattering epithets between the navy and the City clerk. Nor can these sad misunderstandings be attributed in any way to the heat. The sudden transition from the street to the tunnel below is, as a matter of fact, a most refreshing experience; indeed, we feel that the change will be a distinct drawback to the new Central Railway in winter unless, as may possibly happen, it is found to be warmer there than in the outside world. Possibly however at the best harmony will never reign so successfully on this new underground as to warrant its directors adopting the words "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" as an entirely appropriate motto.

Although we fear that the correspondence in the "Times" against "latter-day journalism" will not have the eminently desirable effect of improving the tone of certain London papers, we should like to think that it will at least induce them to abandon their impudent habit of circulating false news. Not so long ago the English press was generally recognised to be the most honourable and reliable in the world, and although it cannot lay claim to a particularly brilliant "style," it has generally been free from the vulgarity and sickly sentimentality that are provided for the newspaper readers of the United States. Now, however, our position in the journalistic world is no longer entirely impeccable: we are liable to be misjudged by foreigners through certain of our inferior papers, just as Frenchmen are often misjudged by the ignorant through the "Intransigent," "Libre Parole," and "Patrie." Nor, indeed, is the comparison quite a just one—for, in spite of the falsehoods and slanders of the French press, its articles are invariably brilliantly written; while those produced by our "new journalists" are at once vulgar and illiterate. Time, unfortunately, has shown that American journalism is exceedingly popular in England; but time may also bring about a revolution in public taste.

The general improvement in markets on the Stock Exchange to which we referred in our last issue has been well sustained during the past week. The volume of business transacted, if not large, has been sufficient to make changes worth following. News from South Africa and the Far East has contained nothing to lessen the confidence felt in the City that all will come right sooner or later. A further upward movement has again to be recorded in English Rails. Amongst the heavier London and North-Western at 180½ have risen 1, and Midland Deferred, at 76½, have risen 1½. The improvement in Southern Stocks has been more pronounced, Brighton Deferred having risen from 136 to 139½ and Dover Deferred from 66½ to 69. In South American securities Argentine Funded and Buenos Ayres Waterworks have been in demand and show slight improvements at 94½ and 76½ respectively. The feature however in this department has been the German buying of the Argentine Four per Cent. 1889 Railway loan, which has risen from 56½ to 59½. There have been inquiries for both Brazilian and Chilean securities, and Chinese issues are all slightly better. South African mines have shown distinct signs of coming into favour again and call money has been paid on Goldfields, East Randt and Rand Mines. Some misapprehension appears to exist concerning the splitting of the last-named shares. The shares were split previous to the war but cannot be dealt in on this new basis of four shares for the existing one until the company's offices in Johannesburg are reopened, and this depends on Lord Roberts. Mr. de Witte's announcement in Paris that Russia requires no money has helped to strengthen the Money Market, and the improvement in gilt-edged securities has been fairly general—New India Three per Cent. closed yesterday 2½ premium; the National War Loan ½ discount and Consols 98½.

CHANGING THE CAPITAL.

CHANGES of capital have been frequent in the long history of China; but they have been coincident usually with changes of dynasty: it was an exception when the second Ming emperor transferred his Court, five hundred years ago, from Nanking to Peking. The Manchus stayed where they found power centred; but the thought of removal has been mooted more than once in recent years. Gordon hinted at its advisability, at the time of the Kuldja difficulty with Russia, in 1880; but the answer then was that removal from Peking would mean the downfall of the dynasty and was, therefore, beyond the pale of consideration. It has been revived of late seemingly as a counsel of despair. When it seemed possible, four years ago, that the Japanese arms might be carried to Peking, the thoughts of the Emperor's advisers turned to Si-ngan, the capital of Shense; and Si-ngan has been chosen, apparently, as a place of refuge, to-day. The motive is supposed to be to escape from the external pressure to which Peking is liable on account of its proximity to the coast; but it is to be feared that black care will accompany the rider still; for the foreigner has come, this time, to stay, and no change of sky will enable the Inner Council to evade the changed conditions which he represents. The idea of changing the capital has found favour, however, in other directions. It has been conceived by Chinese Reformers, who wish to withdraw the Emperor from the evil influences of Peking and place him amid more genial surroundings; and it has been entertained by foreign statesmen who shrink, after recent events, from placing their Representatives again at a distance from the sea. Nanking has been named as an alternative; and it is believed that, if the Emperor were free to choose, it is the alternative he would prefer. Nanking is associated in the minds of the Chinese people with the last native Chinese dynasty, and they would like to see a monarch who commands their loyalty, from the desire he has shown to promote the well-being of the Empire, re-establish his throne in the chief city of the Yangtze Valley. The choice involves a choice of policies. Nanking would mean the ascendancy of maritime influence: Si-ngan would mean subordination to land power. A choice of policies implies two parties; for the subject has yet to be found upon which people will not take different views. It is possible that the antagonisms may neutralise each other, with the result of the Court remaining at Peking: it is conceivable also that they may lead to a division of the Empire, not for the first time in its history, into North and South.

Political gossip, which is as fertile in the East as in the West, had it, twelve months ago, that Russia favours Si-ngan. True or false, the rumour may lend interest to a phase of the railway question which Lord Salisbury has declared to embody the political question of the day. We all remember the controversy that raged, two years ago, as to the significance of the support accorded by Russia and France to Belgian interests in the contract for a railway from Peking to Hankow. Attention was called to the facts that the Russo-Chinese Bank was financing the first section of that railway, from Peking to Paoting, and had concluded a contract for a line from Chengting—which would be the terminal point of another section—to Taiyuen, the capital of Shanse, where the Court is now halting, apparently, in its flight. Russia has, we know, since disavowed any interest in the trunk line; but the Russo-Chinese Bank, or some other "Russian subject or establishment" (to quote the Anglo-Russian agreement) has asked, lately, for the right to extend the Taiyuen line to Si-ngan. That would place Si-ngan in communication with Peking, and eventually therefore—when the connexion with Peking foreshadowed in the agreement is effected—with the Siberian line. True, the stretch from Peking to Chengting forms part, now, of the Belgian contract; but it is hard to distinguish between Russian, French and Belgian interests in the concession which Russo-French diplomacy exacted from China, in defiance of British protest, two years ago. It is, however, not a question only of the Chinese Court, or of diplomatic influence or political power. There are other considerations which may suggest the

reflection that Russia had a motive more serious than helping France to *embêter les Anglais*, in combining with her to secure for Belgium the contract for this much-vexed Peking-Hankow line. Si-ngan is, or was—as we have pointed out elsewhere—practically the Chinese terminus of the great Trans-Asiatic highway along which the Polos travelled, and along which Chinese silk found its way to Byzantium and Rome. Here may be said to commence the great Nan-loo or South Road whose prolongation beyond the Gobi desert constituted the old highway across Central Asia; and no less an authority than Richtofen predicted, five-and-twenty years ago, that "The same reasons which confined the commerce of China with the West, during thousands of years, to this natural road will be decisive for the establishment of steam communication—especially as, by a remarkable coincidence, the whole road is provided with coal!" From Peking to Si-ngan, as the crow flies, is about 550 miles. By road, according to Colonel Mark Bell, it is 813; but that is, still, a section only of a greater whole. By keeping in her own hands the construction of a line from Peking to Si-ngan Russia would control the eastern section of this great historic road; and may we not surmise that she looks forward with far-seeing eyes to the day when it shall again become a highway of commerce, as it was in the days of Rouran? It is not so long since railway communication across North America would have been thought visionary. Yet there are now three trunk-lines. Would it be surprising if the masters of Northern Asia looked forward to a time when the Great Northern shall require to be duplicated by a Great Southern railway along the line which all commerce between East and West followed, till Mongol and Saracenic invasion obliterated the track?

The Empress was reported, on 26 August, to have reached Tai-yuen, whence she has launched an edict appointing Prince Ching, Yung Lu and Hsu Tung to assist Li Hung-chang in negotiating for peace. She is in the congenial company, there, of Yu Hsien, who is regarded as the author of the Boxer movement in Shantung, and may conceivably be persuaded to halt: for one reason—that her escort of soldiers who lately put down a Mohammedan rebellion in the Shen-Kan Viceroyalty will scarcely be welcome at Si-ngan, which is chiefly peopled by Mahomedans; for another, that Shense is threatened with famine. A correspondent writing to the "North China Herald," from Si-ngan, on 18 June, says "for nearly eighteen months there has been an insufficiency of rainfall. Twice the crops have failed; and the prospects are again gloomy. Bread is at famine price, and grain is not in the market. If the drought persists much longer not only will the autumn crop not be sown, but the wheat for next year cannot be planted. . . . The territories affected embrace the greater part of four provinces—Kansu, Shense, Shanse, Honan." Now these four provinces constitute, in addition to Chih-li, precisely the region north of the Yellow River which is governed by nominees of the Empress, devoted to her cause; but the writer expresses a conviction that that feeling is not shared by their subjects, who regard the Empress rather with dislike and her policy with distrust. The one salient fact, indeed, in a situation which is complicated beyond the precedent even of Chinese complications is the unpopularity of the Empress and of the Reactionaries of whom Hsu Tung is a type. Those who think that the Chinese problem can be worked out, like one at chess, in the European chancelleries would do well to ponder these things, and to reflect that no settlement which is not in accord with popular sympathies can be expected to endure.

THE TRANSVAAL REVERSION.

THE most important event of the week has been the formal incorporation of the Transvaal in the British Empire, and yet public attention has hardly been arrested by the news. This formal act is in one sense the recognition of existing facts, in another the earnest of changes yet to come. There has been no picturesque ceremony, such as the famous scene twenty-three years ago when Sir Theophilus Shepstone,

surrounded by a handful of policemen, announced to an excited crowd in the Market Square at Pretoria that the old South African Republic had ceased to exist. The dramatic scenes of the war have in all probability been played: we have to face a lingering series of petty engagements, for the Republic may die hard. Yet these few lines given out by Lord Roberts will be a landmark in African history.

It has been urged by critics of weight that the first shot fired by the Boers in this present war cancelled the two Conventions, and that, the Transvaal having in consequence reverted to the status that existed before 1881, a formal annexation was impossible. The Government have been well advised not to take this view, for the Boer is not versed in vexed questions of international law, and he would certainly continue to believe in the existence of the South African Republic until he was told in very plain language that the Republic was no more. It is very doubtful whether any exact precedent exists. The South African Republic was not an independent State like Hanover, or, to take an example from our own recent history, like Burma, since it owed its official existence to the British Crown. It was not a seceding member of a confederation, like Virginia in the American civil war. It was not an integral portion of the Empire in a temporary state of rebellion. Its status for the last sixteen years, since the insane Convention of 1884 was allowed by Lord Derby's happy-go-lucky indolence to replace the precise, if unsatisfactory, Convention of 1881, has been curiously anomalous, but the Republic, though not recognised as a member of the comity of nations (as the Hague Conference proved) had undoubtedly an individual existence. From a pedantic point of view, perhaps, the closest parallel is to be found in the case of the Kingdom of Oudh, annexed in 1856 on account of the misgovernment of its rulers, who had been for nearly a century under British protection. But Oudh had existed as a separate State before it came into contact with the British Raj. It is worth while to consider very briefly the history of the Transvaal. During the 'thirties a number of discontented British subjects, some of whom had formerly been Dutch subjects, emigrated from Cape Colony into a region inhabited by savage tribes. In 1852, by the Sand River Convention, their anomalous position was legalised, and Her Majesty's Government recognised, on certain terms, the independence of the people of European blood inhabiting the territories north of the Vaal River. Thus came into being the South African Republic. In 1877 the territories of the Republic were incorporated in the British Empire, Shepstone's proclamation declaring that the Sand River Convention had not been faithfully observed by the Boers. In 1881 the European inhabitants of the country were granted on certain conditions autonomy under the Queen's suzerainty, and the new creation was entitled the Transvaal State. In 1884 the Transvaal State was (most unwisely) allowed to take the style of "South African Republic," and its rights were considerably enlarged, although ultimate control over its foreign relations was reserved to the Crown. Thus every stage in the history of the Transvaal Boers has been marked by a formal declaration or engagement on the part of the British Government. It is fitting that the end of the autonomy should be proclaimed in words of unmistakable clearness.

Certain foreign critics, however, object that President Kruger's Government still exists, and that the organised forces of the Republic are still in the field. The war is not over, they urge in effect, and until the war is over, until the territories of the Republic are effectively occupied, the act of annexation is not valid. We might, no doubt, have issued a proclamation at the beginning of the war abrogating the independence which the Boers had abused. Had we done so, the events of November and December would have made our action ridiculous. As we did not, there is a certain plausibility in maintaining that we ought to wait until Mr. Kruger, the legally elected president, is a prisoner or a fugitive. But here practical considerations, which do not concern our foreign critics, outweigh fine-spun theories. The majority of the Boers have never shown any determination to imitate Matthew Arnold's Celts

and "revolt against the despotism of fact." They respect facts. They have stood out against us because our own vacillations have taught them to believe that we never know our own minds. We annexed the Orange River Sovereignty in 1848, and abandoned it six years later. When in turn we annexed the Transvaal, the Boers said "the English will retire as they did from the Free State." It was in vain that Sir Bartle Frere and Sir Garnet Wolseley declared that the annexation could not be revoked, in vain that Mr. Gladstone repeated the same assurance. These were mere words; but every malcontent burgher could see for himself that in 1854 we had retired from the Free State because it was a troublesome territory to govern. They made the Transvaal even more troublesome to govern, Mr. Gladstone changed his mind, and we retired. In the present year so long as there was a possibility that the Transvaal might not be annexed, the Boers thought the struggle worth maintaining. Now, however, the South African Republic is dead. Its record of oppression and corruption belongs to the past. It is our duty to turn to good purpose the good qualities of its burghers. We do not expect General Botha's forces to melt away immediately, but we believe that the Proclamation will keep a good many Boers on their farms who might otherwise have returned to the commandos. Already we have seen a good result in Cape Town: Mr. Sauer has had to drop his "Stop the War" motion, for the end of the war is proclaimed. We shall not press the legal effects of our action so far as to treat Botha's men as rebels, but we have now an undoubted right to consider as outlaws, and not merely as prisoners of war who have broken their parole, those Boers who after accepting "pacification" take the field again. The Afrikaner dream of a Republic from the Zambesi to Table Bay is shattered: we must see that no mistakes on our part call it again to life. We all wish the Transvaal to take its place among the free members of the Empire, but we all know that it cannot have responsible government till the battle-wounds have healed.

But one supremely important aspect of the annexation, its effect on the native mind, has been generally overlooked. The behaviour of the Bantu tribes during the war has been beyond praise. Many experienced colonists believed that a war between the white races would give the signal for an aimless but terrible outbreak on the part of the blacks. There were farms to be looted, stock to be stolen, old scores to be paid off. But the Kaffirs have stood aside and watched. They have no doubt been bewildered by events, but their quietness has given British rule in Africa the highest possible certificate. At last they are definitely told that henceforth they belong to the Queen. Swaziland, for instance, has been a pawn in the wider South African game: we permitted the Boers to get a footing in the country (in spite of conventions) in order that we might secure our position in Rhodesia. The policy was indiscreet and immoral, but it can now be buried. Such rights as the South African Republic possessed in Swaziland lapse to the Crown. We have never maintained that our own record in native affairs is spotless, or that the Boer record is irredeemably black, yet such affairs as the Malaboch and Mpefu campaigns should be impossible now that certain villainous field cornets will be replaced by responsible British officials—some of the best of whom, if we are wise, will be of Dutch blood. No incident in the wretched history of 1881 is more moving than the scene in which the Transvaal Kaffir chiefs were told by Sir Hercules Robinson that henceforth the Boer triumvirate should be their masters. "Our hearts are black and heavy with grief to-day," said Umyethile, "with grief at the news told to us. It may be that the Lord will change the nature of the Boers, and that we will not be treated as dogs, but we have no hope of such a change, and we leave you with heavy hearts." The fears were justified. To-day an enormous native population comes back to us, and not the least of our problems will be to ensure that the annexation of the Transvaal will mean just government for the original inhabitants of the country. It is fortunate that the working out of this problem is in the hands of Sir Alfred Milner.

WORDS AND WORK.

THE Trade Union Congress is fortunate this year in its hour but unfortunate in its President. It is unfortunate that just when recent strikes and rumours of strikes have created a public sensitiveness to labour questions, and every thinking person is anxious to hear what practical suggestions working men in council have to make, the President of the Congress should have nothing to give us but ill thought out generalities, making in their sum but a vague and unrecognisable picture of society as it is and as it ought to be. We have the less hesitation in censuring the President's address that in us it cannot be put down to any horror of collectivism and contentment with the reigning social or economic order. We have no objection to the social ideal sketched in the fine passage from Frederick Engel, which concluded and saved from unrelieved inanity the Presidential address. We are not Liberals of the old school, we are not individualists, and our concern is to see whether the great ideals of the higher Socialists can be reduced to practice at a cost less than that of the very things they want to regenerate. No one can be more intolerant than we of the uneducated stupidity that lumps together Socialism, Anarchism, Radicalism as the common bugbear of the world. But it must be confessed that it is orations such as those of Mr. Pickles at Huddersfield that tend to confirm the average stupid man in his prejudices. Here is a man standing forth as a champion of a new order, whose own words show that his only definite idea of the "good time coming" is that it will be something different from that which is and which he personally dislikes. Conceive a trades union leader and a "collectivist" carping at employers of labour for combining to keep up prices. In doing that he is condemning every method of action which he wishes to champion. Combination to keep up prices and combination to keep up wages are the same thing in different circumstances. The consumer might possibly have something to say to both, but not the trade unionist to the capitalist nor the capitalist to him. If Mr. Pickles had any foresight, any capacity for long views whatever, he could not fail to see that it is amelioration on both sides in the industrial world and that only which will lead to the ideal which he thinks he is setting before himself. When both capital and labour are fully organised, the struggle between them, if they wish to fight, becomes so serious that as in rival industrial undertakings they will come to terms to their mutual advantage, or the public will suffer so severely by their disputes that it will with a high hand intervene and take the whole question out of their hands and give it to the State to settle. In any case combination cannot work in favour of individualism, and the President of the Trade Union Congress cannot see so simple a thing as that! Missing its significance as a factor in the social problem, he can only see it as it has for the moment affected him and his class. He can see that it is more difficult for a union to be the winners in a strike when they are opposed by a combination of employers than when they are opposed by one singly or by several acting separately. Therefore he carps at employers' combination. It is a good instance of the inability of working men, as indeed of the great majority of their fellows, to think in general terms. It is very natural that they should not be able to do so, their work and life does not favour it. About the things which come under their own notice they can think well and shrewdly, which makes the pity so much the more that at trades' congresses they will so often insist on discussing things on which they are not competent to come to a conclusion. That is why these autumn comparisons of labour notes, while they ought to be, are not very valuable as indices to what is occupying the minds of our working men, and the presidential address still less than the discussion on resolutions. It is of course very natural that when a house decorator, a platelayer, or railway servant is elevated to the position of president of a great congress he should wish to rise to the occasion. Unfortunately his idea of rising to the occasion consists in taking a vast subject, which because he cannot understand it he can adorn with

festoons of tall flowery phrases, culled from books quite beyond his capacity and ill arranged to produce an effect meant to be gorgeous but which is only garish. It is of course more flattering to the orator's ambition to discourse on the "New Order" or "The Social System" or "Collectivism" than on wages and hours, but unfortunately on the grand subjects he cannot talk to the point, on his own subjects he can. Working men when just themselves are usually such good fellows, and personally so easy to get on with, that year by year when the Trades Congress comes round we always regret that, to speak in something of metaphor, they cannot be content to sit in their everyday working clothes but must need to put on the black coat with tails. They make a great mistake; for if they would be content to discuss in detail the things they know about and have seen for themselves, they would be doing the whole community a real service. They would get and hold the ear of the public, which the Trades Congress owing to its indefinite unpractical tendencies is losing very rapidly.

It is more useful to turn to a practical question arising out of the Taff Vale Railway dispute. Mr. Hopwood has published his report, and we desire to call attention to his remarks on the representation question. Mr. Hopwood neither had nor could have any interest of his own in the issue. An official of the Board of Trade, he was directed by Mr. Ritchie to go to examine and report and do what he could to effect a settlement. Mr. Hopwood points out that one of his great difficulties was that owing to the refusal of the Chairman of the company to grant an interview to Mr. Bell, the secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, he found it extremely difficult to negotiate with the men for the simple reason that there was no one with power to represent them. On the matter of representation Mr. Hopwood's general conclusion is this:—"This case has done enough to confirm me in my opinion that railway companies would lose nothing by deciding to receive an agent of their servants, whoever he might be, as long as they were given reasonable evidence that such an agent really represented the majority of a class, and was prepared to take the responsibility of binding that class by his actions." That is the deliberate conclusion of an absolutely impartial expert. Let employers by all means take assurances with sanction attached that the trade union official has power to bind the men. Once they are obtained what possible object can there be in refusing to treat with the secretary of a union, whom the men wish to represent? To refuse to do so from repugnance to recognise trades unions at all, from the feeling that "these are our men, and we refuse to let anybody interfere with our dispute" is petty pride, and in view of the seriousness of the consequences, childish. We have preferred not to consider seriously the explanation of such conduct on the part of employers that they see it puts the men at a disadvantage in the struggle. Undoubtedly it does that, but we trust most employers would not descend so low to obtain a tactical advantage. Any employer who does merely puts himself on a level with Mr. Pickles; and in the different circumstances of their lives, petty conduct of that kind is far less pardonable in the master than in the man.

SI-NGAN—THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF CHINA.

(Concluded.)

THE day of walls is passed in Europe, but they still serve a purpose in China where internal warfare at least is still conducted on mediæval principles. It was its walls much more than the Imperial armies that protected Si-ngan from capture during the great Mohammedan rebellion of 1861-70. And, owing in a measure to this immunity—Nanking, Hangchow and Wuchang having been more or less ruined by the Taepings—Si-ngan appeared to Richthofen the second city in size, probably, in the Empire. Its escape may seem the more strange, as it is taken to be the headquarters of Mohammedanism in China and was

estimated to have contained some 15,000 Mohammedan families at the time of that outbreak. Yet, though so many of their leaders had joined the rebels, the residents in Si-ngan kept quiet and were allowed to remain unmolested.

The tablet of Yu and the Nestorian monument are only two among many objects of interest in and around the great city. In the south-eastern quarter, Dr. Williamson found the famous Pei-lin or Forest of Tablets, where are "tablets of various dynasties, from B.C. 100 downwards, which have been collected from many quarters and form truly a unique museum." The most celebrated contain the complete text of the Confucian Classics inscribed 1,000 years ago by order of the Emperor Wan of the Tang dynasty, and still apparently in unblemished condition. There are constantly being dug up, in and around Si-ngan, not only coins of ancient dynasties but "bronzes which date from the Chow (1122 to 249 B.C.) and are not surpassed in taste and finish by the productions of later periods." A few years ago there were given to Dr. Bushell, physician to Her Majesty's Legation at Peking, sixteen Roman coins which had been avowedly buried in the vicinity of a small town called Ling-shih, in the interior of the adjoining province of Shansé. And if we remember that intercourse is known to have taken place between the Chinese and Roman Empires about the beginning of the Christian era, while Si-ngan was still the Imperial capital, it involves no great strain on our credulity to believe the statement. The coins were obtained from a Chinese banker named Yang, well known to all foreigners in Peking for the interest he took in foreign machinery, and for his courteous hospitality to foreign visitors. Ling-shih is the ancestral residence of the Yang family, who affirmed that the coins had been in their possession for fifty or sixty years, and that they were purchased by their firm from the discoverer who had found them buried in the neighbourhood. "They include (to quote from a lecture delivered by Dr. Bushell to the Peking Oriental Society, in 1886) examples of the money of twelve emperors, ranging from Tiberius early in the first century A.D. to Aurelian, who died in the year 275. Marcus Aurelius—who is recorded in the Chinese annals as sending an embassy in A.D. 166—is represented by two specimens. All are of bronze, differing in size and value. Seven belong to the 'large brass', seven to the 'middle brass' and the two latest in date to the 'small brass' of collectors. They had every appearance of having been buried, and no attempt had been made to remove the patina to read the legend. In one not a letter was legible till rubbed with sandpaper. Some of the older specimens are much worn, but the two more recent ones are as sharply defined as if fresh from the mint." So much for a description of the coins; but Dr. Bushell is naturally led by the subject to remark on the intercourse between China and the Roman Empire during the epoch to which the coins belong. Several routes are indicated by which trade was carried on. One was, apparently, from India across Burmah to Yungchang in Yunnan: one was by sea to Tongking; and it is not a little curious to note that English and French enterprise are endeavouring respectively to resuscitate these lines. The embassy purporting to have come from Marcus Aurelius seems to have landed at Hué, the capital of Annam. But the route in which we are now interested, is the overland route through Central Asia by way of the Caspian Sea, Merv, Balk, Khotan, by the great Nan-loo or southern road, across the Gobi desert to the frontier of Kansuh, and so through the Wei valley to the Sera Metropolis of Ptolemy, the modern Si-ngan. The discovery carries us back to a period when, as Dr. Hirth remarks, intercourse between China and the Asiatic provinces of the Roman Empire was frequent and habitual, and the silks of China were exchanged against the piece-goods of the West even as at the present day. He suggests, indeed, that the later Roman "embassies" were really commercial missions sent out by Syrian merchants for the purpose of reopening by sea communication which had been interrupted by the Parthian war. But what mainly interests us are the fact that intercourse was had, and the part that Si-ngan must always have played as a political centre

and a commercial entrepôt for this trans-continental trade. The reflection may indeed suggest itself, in looking back over an historic period foreshortened to the conception by distance of time, how remarkably the continuity of this intercourse has been preserved and how the apparently new is really but an approximate repetition of the old. Lord Macartney, when he called at Hué *en route* for Peking, and the English merchants, who had established trading depôts in Tongking a hundred years before, were following in the footsteps of Roman predecessors. So those early Nestorian missionaries were treading a path which had been familiar for centuries to their merchant countrymen. We have no record to show how long the religion they had implanted survived the overthrow and persecution of 845. It does not follow that the Nestorians whom Marco Polo found four centuries later were descendants of the original mission, any more than the Roman Catholics of the seventeenth century were descendants of the Friars who came seeking Prester John. Still there they were, and if the Mar Sergius who had built two churches at Chinkiang was a fresh Nestorian emissary from the West, it would be only another instance of the continuity of intercourse that had been kept up. And so, gradually, the tale merges into Roman Catholicism—probably without the Chinese converts being much wiser for the change. Jean of Monte Corvino seems to supply a connecting link between the two; for when he made his way, in turn, across Central Asia to the capital of Kublai Khan, he found himself opposed by Nestorians then still living at Si-ngan. Thenceforward, however, Roman Catholicism was to acquire the predominance; and by the commencement of the great Jesuit efforts three centuries later, the very name of Nestorianism had disappeared. It will be curious if, in the whirligig of time, the Greek Church is destined now to come to the fore.

Through all these changes and vicissitudes Si-ngan has kept its position as one of the first and greatest among the cities of the Empire; and we find in Richthofen a remarkable suggestion which derives added significance from the reminder that a railway destined to connect Peking with Si-ngan will abut, here, on the terminus of the old trans-Asiatic highway. After explaining the nature of the country—which leads inevitably westward along the Wei basin and out into Central Asia through the Kia-yü gate—he continues: "the same reasons which confined the commerce of China with the west, during thousands of years, to this natural road will be decisive for the establishment of steam communication. As regards natural facilities and the supply at both ends of the line of populous, productive and large commercial countries, the only line which can ever come into consideration is that by Si-ngan, Lanchow, Suchow and Hami; and it is a remarkable coincidence that this whole road is provided with coal." The project of a Siberian railway then had scarcely taken shape, but North America proves that the needs of a great continent are not met by a single line. Twentieth-century merchants and missionaries may yet traverse the Nan-loo by steam.

There is scarcely a limit, in fact, to the topics that seem to group themselves round Si-ngan. We are tempted to examine with Professor de Lacouperie the indications of an Accadian migration as the origin of the Chinese race; to explore with Mailla and Williamson and Richthofen the geological and archæological features of the site, to trace with Colonel Yule the current of intercourse between East and West which has flowed through Si-ngan and across Central Asia to Syria and Rome; to revisit with Marco Polo the "palace so great and fine that none can imagine a finer." But enough has been said to show that, if the Court has really decided to seek refuge in Si-ngan, it will be retiring to no mean city, but to one whose traditions carry us back to the earliest dawn of Chinese history and legend. Contemporary with Nineveh in its earlier years, it is a great and flourishing city, still, 2,000 years after Nineveh has been overthrown and the Power which it represented has vanished from the scene.

R. S. GUNDRY.

ENGLISH RAILWAY DEVELOPMENT.

IV.—THE GREAT NORTHERN.

AMONGST the great English lines the Great Northern has had a comparatively modern origin and in one important respect it differs completely from those by which it is surrounded. In attempting to describe such a railway as the Midland instead of stating that it was "made" it seems almost more accurate to use the American expression and say that it "just happened;" and certainly neither Hudson the railway king nor any of the other men so famous in railway history who were associated with its beginnings could ever have supposed that their little Derbyshire line would eventually extend from Carlisle to Bournemouth. On the other hand the promoters of the Great Northern line knew from the first exactly what they wanted; and, although during the half-century of its existence there has been considerable expansion, it is to-day doing the work for which it was originally intended and in its main essentials still occupies the position contemplated by the first Act of Parliament which the company ever obtained.

The railway mania of 1844 gave rise to a number of new schemes for lines between London and the North. In view of the active opposition of established interests the promoters of two of the most important of these schemes, the Direct Northern and the London to York, decided to join forces; and the result of their labours was the passing in 1846 of an Act which authorised the construction of "a line from London to York via Peterborough, Newark, and Retford, with a loop-line from Peterborough through Boston and Lincoln rejoining the main-line at Retford." In 1848 the works of the railway were so far completed as to allow some of the outlying sections to be opened, but owing to the difficult nature of the country south of Potter's Bar, and at Welwyn, it was not until August 1850 that the first through train ran from London to the North. The original objective of the line was York, but almost at once the promoters determined to develop a connexion with the West Riding, and as a first step in this direction obtained running powers over the Midland line from Methley Junction into Leeds. The year 1852 saw the completion of the terminus at King's Cross and the entrance of the Great Northern trains to Nottingham; two years later the company had penetrated to Bradford and Halifax; in 1860 the Scotch service was consolidated by the formation of the East Coast Joint Stock, and in the following year the company joined with the Midland and the (now) Great Central in establishing the Cheshire Lines Committee which provided a through route from London as far west as Liverpool. Since that date various local extensions have taken place and the traffic over the whole line has very greatly increased; so much so that in particular districts, such as the northern suburbs of London, it has more than once threatened to get out of hand altogether. For the first dozen miles from King's Cross the main line and the various branches run through a country very suitable for residential purposes which within the last thirty years has been largely built over; and the extraordinarily rapid growth of passenger traffic which has resulted has caused the officials great anxiety, and compelled the expenditure of immense sums in widening the line and providing extra accommodation. Unless the further development of the district should from any cause be checked it is obvious that the time cannot be far distant when still greater efforts will be required. There was long ago constructed a branch which leaving the main line at Wood Green terminates at Enfield. An old project has recently been revived of prolonging this branch northwards via Hertford to rejoin the main line again in the neighbourhood of Stevenage, and this would obviously give a very useful loop providing an alternative route to the north. At the same time it would open up a fresh residential district and bring a large number of additional passengers to be carried in and out of London daily and would thus add still further to the very complicated problem with which the company has to deal.

It is curious to note that although the original aim of the Great Northern was to provide a new line to

York, and their trains have worked to and from that point for half a century more or less, the company has never yet succeeded in carrying its own route farther north than Shaftholme Junction, four miles north of Doncaster and nearly thirty miles short of York itself. At the time when the original line was laid out it was found that by being content with running powers over a line already in possession of the district the Great Northern could arrange a satisfactory service and save the expense of constructing its own track over the entire distance. The route at first made use of has since been superseded, but a similar arrangement is maintained up to the present day, and the Great Northern line to the north still ends at a country signal cabin which probably not one traveller in a thousand has ever even seen.

This company has an extensive goods traffic, and like its great competitors the Midland and the North-Western, it carries immense quantities of coal to the southern markets. With the object of keeping the fast and slow trains entirely apart it has been for some time past engaged in laying down extra lines, but the widenings have not yet been completed and it is still at a disadvantage compared with its rivals which have both had their duplicate tracks in operation for several years. As a curious illustration of how history repeats itself the following passages dealing with the commercial position in year 1872 may be quoted from Mr. Grinling's well-known "History of the Great Northern Railway": "Meanwhile the burning question of the hour, in railway board rooms, in factories, and at every hearth, was the extraordinary state of the coal trade. Whether from greatly increased demand or from artificially restricted supply, or, as seems most probable, from a combination of both causes, there was a veritable coal famine in the land, especially in London. Besieged with orders from all directions the coalowners were masters of the situation, and the railway companies while suffering severely as coal consumers were unable to recoup themselves to any appreciable extent as carriers." The unfortunate London householder in view of his recent experiences of "lowest summer prices" may perhaps be pardoned for supposing that his position could hardly be worse were the Great Northern to cease carrying coal altogether, but when we turn from the freight to the passenger side even the most unobservant of travellers must have at least some dim idea of the gratitude which he owes to this company. In the days when the battle of the gauges was still undecided the broad-gauge engineers had built locomotives capable of indefinitely high speeds, such speeds indeed as in the absence of block signalling, continuous brakes, heavy rolling stock, and sound permanent way, had no chance of being universally adopted. The Great Northern Company came late on the scene and being from the first engaged in keen competition was compelled by circumstances to offer great attractions for passengers. Hence it gradually came to be regarded as pre-eminently the line for fast travelling, and for a long period maintained a service of trains quicker than any other English company's, and far superior to those to be found in any other country in the world. Between London and Manchester, until the opening of the Great Central's line to London, the Great Northern Company's express trains ran via Retford and Sheffield, passing over the track of what was then known as the Manchester Sheffield and Lincolnshire beyond Retford. The distance by this route was 203 miles as against 191 miles by the Midland and 189 by the North-Western via Crewe, whilst the alternative North-Western line via the Potteries was even considerably shorter. In addition to the extra mileage the Great Northern trains in crossing from east to west had to climb over the Pennines to a point more than 1,000 feet above sea level. Notwithstanding these disadvantages the Great Northern adopted and maintained successfully the principle that whatever might be the shortest time occupied by the expresses of their rivals their own trains should not be beaten. As long ago as the year of the Indian Mutiny they were covering the distance in five hours. In 1883 this was reduced to four hours and a half, and in the following year a further fifteen minutes was taken off the time allowed. Ever since that date four

and a quarter hours has been the standard timing, no further improvement having taken place even on the easy and short route of the North-Western. The opening of the Great Central's extension to London, by putting an end to the old working arrangement between the two companies and making the Great Northern's access to Manchester much less convenient, has made it impossible to maintain any longer an equality to Manchester; but on the other hand the new arrangements have enabled the Great Northern to compete effectively with the Midland for Nottingham and Sheffield.

The second great express service given by this company is that between London and Yorkshire. Between London and Leeds the trains have always been very good, and this route was the first in England upon which dining cars were ever run. This improvement, which has done more than any other to add to the comfort of passengers and destroy the tedium of a long journey, was effected in November 1879; and in the summer of the following year came the finest service of trains which the West Riding has ever seen or, to judge from present appearances, is ever likely to see. The Midland Company was then displaying great energy in the cultivation of its passenger traffic. It had within the last eight years opened its line through Leeds to Scotland, abolished second-class carriages and introduced Pullman cars, had arranged to convey third-class travellers by every train, and put on an entirely new service of excellent trains to Leeds and Bradford via Nottingham and Sheffield which the Great Northern Company saw would be very serious competitors indeed. They accordingly lost no time in arranging an effective reply. They reduced their timing for the 186 miles to Leeds to three hours and three quarters and thus made their West Riding expresses far superior to any others then in existence. Indeed the standard was unnecessarily high and was not long maintained. The inclusive speed for the whole journey even to-day is not quite so good as it was on the occasion of this great spurt twenty years ago; but in the interval the coaching stock has been immeasurably improved, and the new train of open saloons which has just been put on is perhaps the finest yet seen in England.

With Cambridge, Cromer, and other places of minor importance, the Great Northern deals liberally enough; but the third and most valuable of all its great services is that between London and Scotland. The first through service to Edinburgh by this route came into force exactly fifty years ago, the trains being allowed twelve hours to accomplish the journey. At first it was not possible to go beyond Edinburgh, but in 1855 the Great Northern connexions penetrated as far as Perth, and shortly afterwards reached Aberdeen. In 1872 the time to Edinburgh had been reduced to nine and a half hours, and in 1876 to nine hours owing to the opening of the Midland line via Carlisle. No further change took place until the winter of 1887 when the "Flying Scotchman," which had hitherto been limited to first- and second-class passengers, and had taken an hour less to reach Edinburgh than the corresponding train from Euston, was thrown open to third-class passengers. Thus third-class passengers travelling by the East Coast route had the advantage of a clear hour, and this change led in the following summer to the great race to Edinburgh. After the race the day trains by both routes were allowed eight and a half hours, with a twenty-minute stop midway for lunch, and this timing is nominally still in force, though by the addition of dining cars the refreshment stop has been done away with altogether on the North-Western and considerably shortened on the East Coast route.

The next great improvement was the granting of dining-car accommodation for third-class passengers, first introduced on the afternoon expresses by each of the three competing lines, the North-Western, Midland, and Great Northern, simultaneously, seven years ago. Then came the race to Aberdeen in the summer of 1895, a direct result of the opening of the Forth Bridge five years previously, and as the sequel of that race a great improvement in the night services. Since then, however, there has been something of a reaction, and it would appear that such progress as may be made in

the immediate future will be rather in the direction of better rolling stock, more comfortable refreshment arrangements, and, perhaps, greater punctuality, than in that of increases in speed in which the Great Northern Company for so long led the way.

The locomotive stock of this line has always been excellent; far better indeed than the carriages which the engines had to pull. For the quarter of a century during which the line was, relatively to its competitors, at its best, from 1870 to 1895, a type of engine with outside cylinders and single driving wheels of the large diameter of eight feet was built for the express work, and though in the later years the dimensions were very considerably increased the outline remained practically unchanged. These engines were very successful, their fame extended over the whole world, and one foreign State even adopted a picture of one of the type as the design for a new issue of stamps. But with the continually increasing weight of trains they were at last found hardly equal to the most important expresses, and the advent of a new engineer was marked by the adoption of an entirely different pattern which follows closely the design of engines that have proved very efficient in the United States. These will no doubt be found as suitable for the Great Northern work to-day as the singles were under different conditions in the past.

* * * Next week's article in this series will be on the Great Eastern.

CORDOVA.

SEEN from the further end of the Moorish bridge by the Calahorra, where the road starts to Seville, Cordova is a long brown line between the red river and the purple hills, an irregular, ruinous line, following the windings of the river, and rising to the yellow battlements and great middle bulk of the cathedral. It goes up sheer from the river-side, above a broken wall, and in a huddle of mean houses, with so lamentably picturesque an air that no one would expect to find, inside that rough exterior, such neat, clean, shining streets, kept, even in the poorest quarters, with so admirable a care, and so bright with flowers and foliage, in patios and on upper balconies. From the bridge one sees the Moorish mills, rising yellow out of the yellow water, and, all day long, there is a slow procession along it of mules and donkeys, with their red saddles, carrying their burdens, and sometimes men heavily draped in great blanket-cloaks. Cross the city, and come out on the Paseo de la Victoria, open to the Sierra Morena, and you are in an immense village-green with red and white houses on one side, and black wooded hills on every other side; the trees, when I saw it for the first time at the beginning of winter, already shivering, and the watchers sitting on their chairs with their cloaks across their faces.

All Cordova seems to exist for its one treasure, the mosque, and to exist for it in a kind of remembrance; it is white, sad, delicately romantic, set in the midst of a strange, luxuriant country, under the hills, and beside the broad Guadalquivir, which, seen at sunset from the Ribera, flows with so fantastic a violence down its shallow weirs, between the mills and beneath the arches of the Moors. The streets are narrow and roughly paved, and they turn on themselves like a maze, around blank walls, past houses with barred windows and open doors, through which one sees a flowery patio, and by little irregular squares, in which the grass is sometimes growing between the stones, and outside the doors of great shapeless churches, mounting and descending steeply, from the river-bank to the lanes and meadows beyond the city walls. Turn and turn long enough through the white solitude of these narrow streets, and you come on the dim arcades and tall houses of the market place, and on alleys of shops and bazaars, bright with coloured things, crimson umbrellas, such as everyone carries here, cloaks lined with crimson velvet, soft brown leather, shining silver-work. The market is like a fair; worthless, picturesque lumber is heaped all over the ground, and upon stalls, and in dark shops like caves: steel and iron and leather goods, vivid crockery-ware, roughly burnt into queer, startling patterns, old clothes,

cheap bright handkerchiefs and scarves. Passing out through the market-place, one comes upon sleeper streets, dwindling into the suburbs; grass grows down the whole length of the street, and the men and women sit in the middle of the road in their chairs, the children, more solemnly, in their little chairs. Vehicles pass seldom, and only through certain streets, where a board tells them it is possible to pass; but mules and donkeys are always to be seen, in long tinkling lines, nodding their wise little heads, as they go on their own way by themselves. At night Cordova sleeps early; a few central streets are still busy with people, but the rest are all deserted, the houses look empty, there is an almost oppressive silence. Only, here and there, as one passes heedlessly along a quiet street, one comes suddenly upon a cloaked figure, with a broad-brimmed hat, leaning against the bars of a window, and one may catch, through the bars, a glimpse of a vivid face, dark hair, and a rose (an artificial rose) in the hair. Not in any part of Spain have I seen the traditional Spanish love-making, the cloak and hat at the barred window, so frankly and so delightfully on view. It brings a touch of genuine romance, which it is almost difficult for those who know comic opera better than the countries in which life is still, in its way, a serious travesty, to take quite seriously. Lovers' faces, on each side of the bars of a window, at night, in a narrow street of white houses: that, after all, and not even the miraculous mosque, may perhaps be the most vivid recollection that one brings away with one from Cordova.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

SOME ASPECTS OF COUNTY CRICKET.

THE inequalities of individual play at cricket are only surpassed by the extraordinary in and out running of different teams. The chief charm of county cricket, apart from the merits of the play itself, is the fact that neither the players nor the elevens of which they form part show uniformity from month to month or year to year. The past five or six seasons have afforded several striking illustrations of that "glorious uncertainty," upon which the popularity of the game alone depends.

But through bad and good fortune the character of a team generally remains the same. Take for instance batting, which local conditions affect most strongly of any of the three great departments. Perhaps Surrey men have a more marked identity than any others. There are two reasons for this. Firstly the almost uniform excellence of their own ground; secondly the large proportion of comparatively young professionals. The latter are anxious and take no risks, and so settle down on a perfect wicket to play correct, neat cricket, not strikingly brilliant but nevertheless very effective under favourable conditions. They are good wicket men, and use to a greater extent than the more northern counties good wicket strokes. It would not, we think, be difficult to prove that the side which remains for half the season at the Oval has throughout the year more easy pitches to play on than any of the leading counties, with the exception of Sussex. Hence this is one reason why Surrey batsmen are so thoroughly capable of taking the utmost advantage of a true wicket, and so often fail conspicuously on a bad one. The other reason, as we said above, is the preponderance of young and nervous professionals. A season or two ago the Surrey committee had a reputation for injudicious and over-rapid changes. A young player is severely handicapped by such a system, which, moreover, shows a want of insight and knowledge on the part of the committee. Such a matter ought to be left primarily to the judgment of the captain, who is far more likely to be able to decide as to the real merits of a player than pavilion critics. Selection committees are generally as unqualified a failure as councils of war. A good judge of cricket, it has been well said, is at least as rare as a good judge of a horse. Such a man will make a pretty shrewd guess at a man's capabilities and will, if he thinks it worth while, persevere with him for months before replacing him. This is infinitely better than the less responsible and more ignorant judgment of a

number of men some of whom have never taken part in high-class cricket, or seriously studied the very difficult and intricate problems of the game.

Take another instance of the influence of local conditions, Yorkshire. This team has to play on a good many bad wickets as well as good ones, and consequently develops a more daring and resourceful method of batting, though somehow lacking the Surrey finish. We are of course speaking only generally. No one for instance denies that Jackson has a fine style, or that Hayward can play on a difficult pitch. Our point is that each team has a fixed character which more or less imprints itself upon each man in it. Then again we believe we are right in saying that the Yorkshire committee, when it has made up its mind to try a man, allows him a month's trial; i.e. from four to six matches in which to make or mar himself. If he gives satisfaction he is allowed another month, and by the end of the year may become a regular member of the side. The tendency of such a system is that a man plays more for his side and less for himself, and probably is more useful all round. Such an arrangement is rapidly becoming necessary in the case of amateurs. A first-rate player, who is not at the beck and call of the club like a professional, will not suffer himself to be pushed in or thrust out just as it suits his selection committee. He will insist on sufficient notice, and will not play unless some consideration is shown him. It will be a bad day for English cricket when the amateur finally retires from first-class engagements, but signs are not wanting that this will be the case unless trouble is taken in some degree to meet his convenience. The character of county cricket has greatly changed of late years. To play regularly is practically to give oneself up to the game during a third part of the year. Very few can or wish to do this. There is therefore grave danger of an increasing preponderance of the professional element, and this can only be combated by affording opportunities to the amateur of taking part in the matches. If however he is to be considered merely as a stopgap many of the best will refuse to play, and the game will irretrievably suffer.

The teams which may be classed as amateur, such as Middlesex or Somerset, are just those whose general character is at once most easy and most difficult to define. They possess all the dash and independence of the amateur, while their individual members have probably seen more of the game than most professionals. They have none of the special local characteristics which mark the professional teams, and very often, owing to the frequent changes necessitated by absence, show lack of combination or even want of practice. This is the sole reason in our opinion why amateur cricket is so often referred to as inferior to professional, and we will even go so far as to say that the definition "first-class" is really applied not so much to the most brilliant—though of course the element of brilliancy is inevitably included in the meaning of the term—but to the most practised. The main difference between the so-called first and second class cricketer lies in sober accuracy as compared with dangerous daring. There are hundreds of cricketers who are far better worth watching than many men who play county cricket, but who would fail in "first-class company" because they have not learnt to be accurate.

We do not intend in this article to touch upon the results of this year's championship. They are too well known to require repetition. Each team has shown its special characteristics. On a good wicket Surrey is still the best batting side in England, Yorkshire is a close second. Sussex depends principally on two men, Fry and Ranjitsinhji. Middlesex as usual only showed her real strength in August. Lancashire has not an interesting side with Maclaren out of form, Briggs no longer the great cricketer of twelve years back, and Mold's reputation for throwing. The courage which umpires are now showing in this matter is greatly to be commended. They will, we feel sure, be warmly supported by the cricket-loving public.

Kent has a finer side than she has had for years past. Her captain is about as good an all-round man as there is in this country, and will always be worth his place on an England side. Worcestershire is now a power

to be reckoned with, and her rise will be as closely connected with the names of the Fosters as that of Gloucestershire was with that of the Graces.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

TOO long have I delayed noticing the Promenade Concerts. Let me hasten to describe how on Saturday evening, 25 August, a crowded house listened attentively from the beginning to the end of an excellent programme which included pieces by Wagner, Berlioz, Rossini, Mendelssohn, Moskowski and Mr. W. H. Squire. The soloists were Madame Amy Sherwin, Madame Kirkby Lum, Mr. Ludwig and others; the conductor, of course, was Mr. Henry Wood—who else could it be?—we have no other. We all smoked vigorously and applauded vociferously. We smoked even more vigorously and applauded even more vociferously on subsequent nights, when other things were given, and other people sang, and Mr. Wood remained. One evening was devoted to “a thanksgiving concert to celebrate the victories of our troops”—whether in South Africa or not I cannot say; and it occurred to me that it was a pity no one gave a concert to celebrate our deliverance from Boer hands at the beginning of the war, before the men who knew their business were sent out. When I come to details I am rather at a loss. Reader, you who despise the critic and his labours, you have no notion of the difficulty of criticising concerts which you have not attended. Many of my brethren of the daily press have overcome the difficulty and, much superior to the bird of Sir Boyle Roche, seem able to be in three, four and even five places at once. I shall never rise to their wonderful height—for only from a very great height can one include Birmingham, London, Norwich and two or three Continental cities in one comprehensive gaze. It is always well to tell the truth when in doubt; so I may as well confess that once while Mr. Wood was playing the overture to the “Flying Dutchman” I was happily seated at dinner in this my far retreat of Grez-sur-Loing, and, while later numbers of the programme were being given by perspiring artists, and listened to by an unhappy public which pretended to be content though it could not escape from London, I was, in all probability, floating dreamily in a boat up and down the Loing, smoking the pipe of perfect peace, and, far from wishing to criticise anyone, filled only with good-will to all mankind. What on earth have I to do with concerts, or concerts with me? Here I have the mighty Fontainebleau forest, the river, the fields and the skies, and weather not too warm for walking nor too cold for lying in the heather; here the day is wonderful and the night is even more wonderful; here there are no cabs or buses, no street noises, no evening papers, no editors, no critics (excepting myself and that fact is not known), no opera and no concerts. Here have I rested these many weeks, with only an occasional swallow-flight to Paris and Brussels; and here I had hoped to rest many weeks longer, and was trusting to gain my end by lying low, or, like an insect, pretending to be dead. But the patience of the editor has been too long taxed; his harsh voice breaks my peace as he sends me books and programmes and bids me get to work and leave off shamming.

But what can I say about the Promenade Concerts that has not been said before? They are not only the best concerts of the sort that have ever been given, but the sort too is, to my mind, of the best. What a dull affair is your ordinary English concert, where people in evening dress and white gloves turn up from the suburbs and the desert of Kensington, and sit solemnly for two and a half hours trying to look, not as if they enjoyed themselves—enjoy oneself at a concert? perish the thought!—but as if they understood Bach, Beethoven and Brahms and were being materially edified. I have suffered many griefs in my lifetime, but I know no affliction to compare with a Royal Choral Society or a Philharmonic concert. One is afraid to whisper, afraid to look, afraid almost to listen. On all sides are white shirt-fronts, white ties, white gloves, and faces expressive of the uttermost

degree of boredom. That kind of concert is responsible for much of England's honest hatred of music. How many young men and maidens must have been compelled to sit immovable through long and tedious programmes, have been expected solemnly to admire a symphony by Beethoven, or Brahms, or Mr. Cummings, and have come away with the thought burning deep in the recesses of their hearts: If this is fine, classical music, may we spend eternity in the everlasting fires if ever we listen to it again! It is a century of dull oratorio performances, of dull imitation symphonies, of unspeakably dull and unimpeachably respectable white-gloved concerts, that has made England unmusical. A large part of England, I verily believe, wishes to be musical and enjoy music. Salvation will come rather by way of Mr. Newman's concerts than by the Royal Choral Society, the Philharmonic, or “our great Provincial Festivals,” and rather by Mr. Newman's Promenade Concerts than his ordinary symphony concerts. It is possible to spend an evening with pleasure, and without thinking of edification or profit, at the Promenade Concerts; and if it did not please me better to babble bad French here than to speak correct English in London, I should put in six nights a week, smoking and listening to music I like, and would spend seven that way if the impeccable, unalterable, handed-down-from-our-stupid-forefathers laws of our land did not make it impossible. There is no shamming there. People go to smoke and to promenade: they only listen when they want to. In past years I have been struck by the amount of genuine listening done: I have seen hundreds stand through a long symphony, and then move on, chatting, smiling, cheerful, at the end; and friends—by way of inducing me to shorten my holiday—write me enthusiastic letters saying that the attention of the audiences is even more remarkable this year. It is a good sign; I doubt whether they would listen so eagerly if the Philharmonic band were playing under some of its earlier conductors; I believe they feel, more or less vaguely, Mr. Wood to be a genuine master of his craft. And besides a conductor of the first rank and an excellent orchestra, they have almost ideal programmes provided. Think of the music it is customary to play at seaside resorts—not to mention the way of playing it; or the stuff you hear in fashionable restaurants where the din of a bad band is set going to distract your attention from the bad dinner you are eating; and then think of Mr. Newman's programme with its due alternation of serious and light music, nearly all of it in its way very good! Only the other night I was about to enter a café in Brussels to refresh my weary soul with beer, when a blast of vulgar tune was emitted from a box in a corner containing four or five ostensibly human beings; and I was blown away, beerless, to my hotel. Yet the audience was of much the same class, I presume, as one of Mr. Newman's audiences, and would have rejoiced in one of Mr. Newman's programmes; but because there are so few intelligent entrepreneurs in the world it had to put up with the kind of music we used to have in the old days when the Promenade Concerts were given at Covent Garden and there were occasional “Classical” nights. By boldly giving fine stuff, and securing fine artists to sing and to play it, Mr. Newman has destroyed in England a type of concert that no man or woman ever really wished to hear.

The question of Russian music, recently raised in the correspondence columns of the SATURDAY REVIEW, is one I shall return to some day when I have studied it. I should write more freely about it in my present state of total ignorance of the subject; but the very copiousness with which I should express myself prevents me doing myself justice in the space I have left to-day.

J. F. R.

THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

EXILE has always been treated by the poets as in itself a dreadfully pathetic affair. Yet (I have often thought) the real bitterness of exile is the return from it. No doubt there is some pain in the severance of home-ties and friendships, the sudden rupture of lifelong habits. But this wrench, like a dentist's, is soon

over, and has salutary results. It is not long before the exile begins to realise how narrow his life has been, and to congratulate himself on the happy release from that vicious circle. Day by day of his new, irrestrictible career, in contact with strange men and strange cities, his soul shoots up and expands like a well-tended tree in sunlight, and puts forth fragrant blossoms, and bears marvellous fruits. He is doing that which, as now he sees, he had never done in the old days: he is *living*. In the multiplicity of experience, he forgets utterly that one little fleck on the world's surface which he had childishly regarded as the world itself. Suddenly, one fine morning, comes a messenger, bringing him his pardon, bidding him return. Ere the exile has time to send this impertinent fellow about his business, he is overwhelmed by a tide of that sentimentality to which we are all liable, and on it he is swept home. It is then, and not till then, that he needs the poet's pity. It is there, in his old environment, that he savours the veritable wormwood. All, all are there, the old familiar faces, with precisely the same expressions as when last he saw them; and the old familiar hands fumbling away at the same tasks; and the old familiar tongues still wagging to the tune of the same shibboleths. Nothing has changed. Nothing has grown. The exile shudders and grimaces. To think that he could ever have existed in such an atmosphere of stale vegetables! "Faugh!" he says. And that is the last word (if you can call it a word) uttered by him before he sickens and dies.

Even more bitter, because it is compulsory, is the return from that voluntary exile which we call a holiday. When we have been dallying with strange territories, listening to strange tongues and seeing strange sights, improving our minds and strengthening our bodies, how horrible to be clutched up by Fate's bony fingers and dropped back into the fetid and familiar city we had fled from, with a strict injunction to remain there till the moon shall have waxed and waned eleven times! To breathe this breathless air under these chimney-pots in these narrow streets, and to hear the organs still grinding out "The Absent-Minded Beggar," and to find the newspapers still talking about our policy in China, and chronicling the sentimental journeys of General Buller, and casting doubts on the accuracy of some passage in some book which Mr. Andrew Lang has written about Bonnie Prince Charlie! A month ago these affairs might have stirred me. But that month (for the gods have a trick of compensation) seemed to me to last a full year. My mind acquired, in that illusive interval, a new focus. At present, I am seeing things in a large way, in a cosmopolitan way. I see how little anything here matters. And, if I detect the insignificance of the real things which are agitating my brethren (and will soon be agitating me), how much more am I painfully alive to the absurdity of bestowing a moment's thought on unreal things invented by Mr. Sydney Grundy! Picture me as standing here with a pair of scales. In one of them I have placed Life. Comes Mr. George Alexander and places in the other, with an air of modest confidence, Mr. Sydney Grundy. . . . That is what it is to be a dramatic critic in the first week of September.

Picture me, whose eye is still focussed for infinite and sunbright plains, gazing across a row of footlights in King Street, St. James's, while beauteous "Isabel Holroyd" (Miss Julie Opp) tells ardent young "Philip Graham" (Mr. Marsh Allen) that his suit is hopeless, that she loves another; picture me, whose ears are still attuned to torrents in glens and waves on shores, listening while "George Carlyon, Q.C." (Mr. George Alexander) comes suavely forward in dress clothes and pays an elaborate compliment about "your charming sex, Miss Holroyd." A month ago these things would have come as matters of course. Now they exasperate me. Mr. Alexander's black-rimmed eyeglass, the pink rose in Miss Opp's hair, and every other detail beheld across those footlights, seem to be specially and malignantly designed to madden me. I sit dreading the moment when (as always happens in a crowded after-dinner scene of the stage) one of the characters suggests a game of billiards in order to clear the way for an important dialogue. The moment comes. "Sir Jacob Holroyd, M.P." (Mr. W. H. Vernon) is

left alone with "George Carlyon, Q.C." With a horrible clairvoyance, I seem to have foreseen every syllable that falls from their lips. Sir Jacob thinks that so rising a man as Mr. Carlyon ought to have a seat in Parliament, and Mr. Carlyon says "You have a daughter," and, as soon as that matter is settled, in runs Miss Opp, clapping her hands and crying "Only think, Papa, Jimmy gave Mr. Baxter fifty in one hundred, and he ran out on the first break!" Thus the first act draws to its close, and I begin to speculate about the four others. "Act II," I see on my programme, "the next afternoon at Mrs. Floyd's, Park Village East." "Gipsy Floyd—Miss Fay Davis." Evidently, Carlyon has an "entanglement." He has indeed. And one soon sees how he will be finally freed of it. "James Antrobus" (Mr. H. V. Esmond) comes in and speaks incidentally of those noxious drugs "which women take to cure a headache or a heartache, instead of bearing it." A few moments later (note the dreary skill of the playwright!) he takes up a small phial from the table and asks what is in it. Mrs. Floyd replies that it is for her headaches, and Mr. Antrobus throws it into the fireplace. The matter then drops, and I am left wishing I could telescope the time that must elapse before Mrs. Floyd takes her overdose. Part of that time, I know, will be occupied by a meeting between the two women, the wife and the cast-off mistress. "Am I addressing Mrs. Floyd?" Isabel Carlyon will say. "That is my name," will be the answer, given with a pathetic dignity. How the meeting will be brought about I do not profess to know; nor do I care; and I am sure I shall be infinitely depressed by the ingenuity with which Mr. Grundy will contrive to bring it about. In due course, the *scène à faire* is gone through. Mrs. Carlyon does not know that it is her husband who deserted Mrs. Floyd. She has come to patronise the unfortunate woman, not to upbraid her. It is only when she hears her husband's "voice off" that the horrible truth dawns on her. This is what is called "a strong situation," and I give Mr. Grundy due credit for having found a pretext on which to bring Mr. and Mrs. Carlyon together under Mrs. Floyd's roof. All I protest is that it is too early in September for me to be edified by skilful pulling of wires. I suspect that if Mr. Grundy had treated his theme in a really human way, I should have written of him ungraciously. But he has done nothing of the sort. As usual, his one aim has been at "situations." And this latest play of his is all the more irritating because its theme is really worthy of serious treatment. A really interesting play might have been written about a man who had, in his youth, formed an "unfortunate connexion," and who was confronted, after ten years, with the alternative of deserting the woman or sacrificing a brilliant career. There one would have had a real problem. But Mr. Grundy carefully cut the ground from under his own feet. With an eye on leading-ladydom he made the man's mistress a creature of the most exquisite refinement and the sweetest temper. The man might have married her at any moment without jeopardising his chances of worldly success. The whole play is radically absurd, because the man and the woman would, in real life, have been married years ago. Even admitting the possibility of their not having taken this step, one cannot accept the manner in which Mr. Grundy brings about their parting. Carlyon, being still loved by the woman, could not (in real life) make the rupture without being rather brutal. But Mr. Grundy had his eye on leading-mandom, and was determined to have no brutality. Accordingly, Carlyon comes to see Mrs. Floyd and is hoodwinked by her into a belief that she herself has ceased to care for him, and that her one anxiety is as to the sum of money he intends to settle on her. The man who could not tell when the woman with whom he had been living for ten years was making a martyr of herself must have been an exceptionally arrant fool. Carlyon, even had he not been a Lord Chancellor in embryo, would have seen through the game in no time. But Mr. Grundy assumed that leading-men prefer to impersonate fools rather than brutes, and made Carlyon dash out of the room exclaiming "To think that for such a woman I might have sacrificed my life!" All

these sacrifices of truth (as it is understood by me) to effect (as it is understood by mimes) are pardonable in the case of trivial stage-themes. But they ought not to be made by a playwright who ventures to tackle a really decent stage-theme. Finally, I would conjure Mr. Grundy, when next he attempts a serious play, not to interlard it with comic relief. If he cannot rid himself of that old-fashioned habit, let him, at least, spare us the elderly clergyman who goes to a music-hall and has his watch stolen. That figure may have been funny a few decades ago, but is so no longer.

Miss Fay Davis played the part of Mrs. Floyd very nicely, but in the later scenes was too obviously influenced by Duse. I do not suggest to her that such an influence is a bad one; on the contrary, I can imagine that it might be very profitable to her in certain plays—the “Antigone,” for instance, and the “Electra.” But I do suggest to her that the simplicity and rigidity of Duse’s method is not suited to such plays as “A Debt of Honour.” Mr. George Alexander and Miss Julie Opp played with more of a flourish, and Miss Fay Davis would do well to imitate them. MAX.

COLONIAL LIFE ASSURANCE.

THERE are six Colonial insurance companies at present doing business in Great Britain, and their operations are naturally observed with considerable interest. Colonial enterprise has shown itself abundantly capable in many directions, and for a long time the high rates of interest that could be obtained in the colonies tended in no small degree to make colonial life assurance successful.

The Independent Order of Foresters, which hails from Canada, is a truly marvellous institution, which, in spite of being founded on wrong lines, has met with a very large measure of support. If it were put on a sound actuarial basis, as it possibly may be in the near future, it should become an industrial office of some importance; but if it continues working on assessment principles it cannot fail to share the fate of other assessment companies.

Two offices that have within the last two or three years commenced doing business in this country are the Mutual and the National Mutual, both of Australasia. Both these companies were founded in 1869; both of them value their liabilities on a 4 per cent. basis; both earn very high rates of interest upon their funds; the expenditure of both exceeds 25 per cent. of the premiums, and exceeds by about 5 per cent. of the premiums the provision made for expenses. They are fairly good companies which have met with considerable success in the colonies, but can scarcely hope to attract discriminating policy-holders in this country to assure with them rather than with the best of the British offices.

The Sun Life of Canada, which was founded in 1865, commenced business in Great Britain about 1893. Its expenditure normally exceeds 30 per cent. of the premiums, and it values its liabilities on a 4 per cent. basis. It is worked very energetically, and issues various attractive policies; but until its expenditure is reduced, and its liabilities, at least for new policies, valued on a stronger basis than 4 per cent., it can scarcely hope to command the absolute confidence that is felt in well-established British offices.

The Colonial Mutual is an Australian company, which has been working among us much longer than any of the other colonial offices, and its affairs in this country have been so managed that we have learnt to appreciate and respect both the office itself and its British management. Like most of the colonial companies it values its liabilities on a 4 per cent. basis, and conducts its business at an expenditure that to British notions is abnormally high, but the rate of interest earned upon its funds during the latest valuation period of which we have any details, exceeded $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., showing a contribution to profit at the rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum upon the funds. This to a considerable extent makes up for the expenditure exceeding the provision made for it. The Colonial Mutual has won an

honourable position for itself among life assurance companies doing business in Great Britain, and though in course of time we may come to appreciate rival colonial offices as highly, they have not yet won for themselves the position in this country that the Colonial Mutual has long occupied.

It is no disparagement to any of the colonial offices to say that the Australian Mutual Provident is the best of them all; and if it were possible to say that any one life office in the world was the best the Australian Mutual would have a very good chance of being voted to that position, if the verdict were given by qualified and unprejudiced judges. The Society at present files its returns with the British Board of Trade and receives renewal premiums in this country, but it is not yet actively at work among us, though probably it will shortly open a branch in London. On two or three occasions the question of extending the business to Great Britain has been put before the members, but a sufficient majority in favour of the proposal has not yet been obtained. The matter is again being considered, and it is probable that the members will vote in favour of extending the business of the company to this country. If it opens an office in London under vigorous management, and with a good staff of agents, it should prove a very formidable competitor to even the best of the British companies, and confer a distinct boon upon people in this country wishing to assure to the best advantage.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FAILURE OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

30 August, 1900.

SIR,—That “the cheap and irresponsible press of England” should, as the “Athenaeum” says this week, declare the Paris Exhibition a failure, “when it is certainly nothing of the sort,” is not surprising. But it is, on the other hand, marvellous that the SATURDAY REVIEW, a very different type of paper from the “Daily Mail,” for instance, should join in the chorus. What evidence is there that the Exhibition will prove an unfortunate enterprise either to the State or to private persons who are interested therein? At any rate, you will perhaps permit me to call attention to one or two of the misstatements contained in your correspondent’s article entitled “The Failure of the Paris Exhibition.” That article speaks of the “losses sustained by the State.” Now I understand that the State disposed previously to the opening of the Exhibition of all the tickets issued. And will not the “fabulous sums” paid by concessionnaires have some effect in staving off the disaster threatened by the prophets of woe? But on the figures as published by the press there seems no reason to believe that these prophets are anything but false. The “Figaro” of 16 July gives the entries from 14 June to 14 July; and compares them with the entries in the corresponding two months of the ’89 Exhibition. From these figures it appears that there were in that period from 25,000 to 50,000 more entries per day than in ’89. The total number was 3,657,731 in ’89 and 15,728,074 in the present year. The article in question states that “out of 65,000,000 tickets issued, more than 50,000,000 remain unused!” (the note of exclamation is your correspondent’s). Now from 14 April to 14 July the number of tickets consumed was 13,658,959. The number for August up to the 26th which I have myself calculated was (with the exception of four days for which I have unfortunately lost the numbers and one of which was a Sunday and one a Friday) excluding free entries 5,138,886. Thus in 113 days out of the 130 during which the Exhibition has been open 18,797,845 tickets have been used, or nearly four millions more than your correspondent states. The article goes on to say that “once and once only have 400,000 persons occupied the grounds.” As a matter of fact, on 8 July, 12 August and 18 August more than that number of tickets which had been paid for were given up at the turnstiles. Twice in the present month, that is to say,

a month in which, your article states, the whole number of visitors has not exceeded 110,000 per day. Not once has the number of paying entries fallen so low: the total number of such entries being, as above stated, more than five millions for twenty-two days, or an average of more than 227,000.

It is probable, therefore, that the Exhibition will not prove the gigantic failure which some believe. And even if a few private individuals lose their money one fails to perceive why this should result in discontent amongst Parisians, or why such discontent should assume "a highly demonstrative form."—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
A. F. W.

[The SATURDAY REVIEW does not need to defend itself against the charge of unfriendliness to France. Constantly in our pages our endeavour has been to resist the tendency of certain newspapers to concentrate attention upon accidental circumstances, or states of feeling, in Paris, calculated to irritate or offend English readers; and to claim recognition for general conditions and national characteristics that excite admiration and sympathy. In the article criticised by "A. F. W." we were careful to explain that when employing the term failure in connexion with the Exhibition, we were speaking only of the financial results of the enterprise. "A. F. W." asks "What evidence is there that the Exhibition will prove an unfortunate enterprise either to the State or to private persons who are interested therein?" The evidence is only too patent in the sale of the one-franc tickets of entrance at twenty or twenty-five centimes in the streets of Paris; and in the freely expressed disappointment of hotel, restaurant, and shopkeepers. "A. F. W." fails to perceive "why if a few private individuals lose their money, this should result in discontent among Parisians, or why such discontent should assume a highly demonstrative form." In our opinion, not a few but a great many individuals, and these individuals Parisians, will lose money; and, although perhaps it should not be so, the loss of money is a circumstance which does cause discontent. The reason why discontent should assume a highly demonstrative form is, not only that Parisians are demonstrative, but also that a clique of interested agitators is in wait to turn such popular discontent to political uses.—Ed. S.R.]

THE BRESCI CASE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Regent's Park, 5 September.

SIR,—I am moved by your fine protest against the torturing to death of Bresci, and that is what it comes to, disguise things as they may, to criticise some recent remarks by people who know nothing about Anarchists and therefore cannot expect to understand them. It has been urged:

That these offences take place in Italy because there is no capital punishment there.

The answer is very plain; apart from the fact that perpetual imprisonment with that hideous thing solitary confinement, *is* death, only by slow degrees, it can be shown that these outrages take place in countries where they do execute; witness the death of Garfield in America and of Carnot in France. I sincerely regret that in some countries they have substituted the lingering for the more speedy death, but I feel convinced that if they had a gallows raised in every market square, it would not finish with the Anarchists! It has been said that the publicity of trial appeals to the morbid vanity of the political criminal. There may be some truth in this, since the love of fame is one of the strongest and sometimes one of the loftiest of human motives; there is also a strong imitative tendency in people. Whenever a deed attended by peculiar and startling circumstances has been done, it is quite sure to be repeated all over the place; not long ago a man shot himself dead in trying to prove that a person could not be killed as had been alleged in a recent and much-talked-of murder trial. On the other hand secrecy alone will not deter. In Russia the whole press is under complete control,

anyone may be carried off by the "Third Section" and none dare agitate about the matter. There is no reason to doubt that many of the more dangerous "politicals" are put away—not in Siberia, but in a far worse punishment—in the dim dungeons of Schlussemburg and Petropavlovsk and for them as far as this world is concerned, the rest indeed is silence!

Yet nowhere is the conspirator more dreaded and in that land they managed to strike down the Emperor. It must I think in reason be granted that the Anarchist, when he is sane, is an honest fanatic; I think he does harm, and that his methods bring dishonour upon a glorious ideal; but that is not his view; he believes that his act will make for good, and he receives the respect of his fellow-conspirators and thinks he will be enrolled amongst the martyrs by posterity. And when this belief, however mistaken it may be, takes hold of a strong nature (such as our own Fawkes from whom they could get no confession though they tortured him systematically for some months) nothing will terrify it. We catch a glimpse of this fanatical zeal in the early Christians who in their hope for martyrdom would come before the Pagan power in the hope of deserving punishment. "You miserable men," said a Roman governor, "are there not cliffs enough from which you can cast yourselves down that you must seek for death from me?" We may say that these sort of people are unwise, mad, mistaken, anything; but we cannot honestly doubt either their desperate courage or their evident sincerity.

As a Socialist student I also look forward to a time of perfect Freedom, that is, Anarchy. When by means of a strong government, or rather organisation, we shall prevent the use of force and fraud, and banish the curse of competition from our midst. But I would remind the present Anarchists that "he only can destroy who can replace" and that it is not the way to sink an ironclad to deface the gilded figure or escutcheon at its prow.
G. C. F.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

North Kensington, 6 September.

SIR,—Your protest against the sentence passed on Bresci, in keeping though it is with the opinions expressed by the better-class journals in London, seems to me by no means conclusive. You urge that humanity morality and expediency would alike be served by the hanging or shooting of Bresci out of hand.

I fail to see that you are right. Bresci belongs to a class which Society is justifiably anxious to exterminate. Hanging or shooting for such creatures is I am sure too good. It would have fewer terrors for ordinary criminals than life-long imprisonment. The idea of death would not carry with it the horrible anticipation inseparable from lifelong torture if, that is, you choose so to describe it. It is to my mind inconceivable that punishment such as Bresci will be called upon to face will not prove more deterrent to the malefactor than summary execution.

In any case why should Italy consider him in any way? He has robbed Italy of a King who admittedly did as little wrong as any King ever did any country, and the dastardly methods of men like Bresci and his fellows cannot be properly combatted by humanitarian considerations.—I am, yours,

ANTI-ANARCHIST.

[It has always seemed to us possible apart from the question of fact as to whether the death penalty is a deterrent, at least to defend it as a punishment for murder on the ground of principle. Reason and religious authority are in perfect agreement in this matter. But the use of torture in a legal system is either due to sheer gloating love of cruelty for its own sake or to the rude and unscientific intellectual condition of the nation. The first is the most horrible of vices, the second is a state which modern nations consider one to be escaped from as early as possible. Moreover the deterrent effect of capital punishment is its appeal to the senses as well as the imagination. Criminals do not so readily appreciate the subtler conditions of Bresci's punishment.—Ed. S.R.]

SECONDARY SCHOOLS AND SALARIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

City of London School, E.C.,

September 1, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—In my previous letter I quoted the *average* head-master's salary as about £1,200. This being so, the stipends of many heads must fall—as "Humble Headmaster" points out—very considerably below that sum.

However, I notice that your correspondent leaves my main point—the totally inadequate remuneration of assistant masters—uncontroverted.

Moreover, I contend that, apart either from a head's or an assistant's-point of view, this matter is urgent from a national aspect.

Is our middle and upper-class education a failure? Judging from two recent letters in the "Times" and a short leader in the "Journal of Education" it is. Mr. Frederick Verney ("Times") states that our public school education is "absolutely contemptible." The Chairman of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce from a commercial standpoint is equally scathing. The "Journal of Education" is even more depressing and—with apparent quiescence—regards the office of assistant-master as a hopeless failure. "He (the assistant) has never been taught how to handle a large class . . . he fails to teach anything to two-thirds of his form . . . his efforts to teach the remainder are handicapped by the necessity of keeping the former section in tolerable order." This from such a source is more serious than either of the letters in the "Times."

Now, whatever is wrong with secondary education is clearly the fault of the teacher and will anyone deny that £120, or even £200 a year is inadequate to attract the kind of men likely to work reform?

Just consider the ideal teacher. A man of high education, a compound—in his dealings with boys—of the suaviter in modo and the fortiter in re, an expert in the subtle varieties of accent and voice which mean far more to a class than to a congregation. He must also be a man of leisure for a Saturday ramble, a game at chess, a school debate, or an hour at the nets, and have the knowledge and judgment to turn each passing incident of school life to the moral and physical well-being of his pupils. Such is the ideal. The real, per contra, is a man so ill-paid that, after school hours, he must be off to his private pupils—in one great public school private coaching is a set off to the poor salary—or, in the case of a cleric, to parish duty. With a position to maintain and a family to educate, what wonder that, with the close of school hours, the present badly paid assistant considers himself amply justified in shutting off further relations with his boys?

Of course, in teaching, as in everything else, we shall never reach the ideal, but, at any rate, our aims should be in that direction, and, unless salaries are advanced, I fear there is nothing but to keep muddling along on the old lines.

I should, if you would permit me, like to add that I write on this subject the more readily, since my own lot is cast in a public school where not a shadow of a grievance as regards salaries exists.—Believe me, Sir, your obedient servant,

A. G. MUNRO.

THE FLY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

September 1, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—This correspondence about Tennyson's flies and bees is getting a trifle stale: I shall withdraw from it at once. But before going, I may be allowed to express a wonder whether your reviewer ever has got "a fly in his eye" whilst walking or cycling. Now that is just the sort of minute insect the swallows often hunt for—not the housefly or the bluebottle. I agree with your reviewer that "when a reviewer says 'we' he must not be understood to mean 'we anglers.'" I suggest, for his consideration, that when the poet says "fly," he need not be understood to mean the insect which is found in the tuck shop, the turnip, or the breakfast room of the country inn.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

REVIEWS.

THE TRACTION ENGINE IN WAR.

"Mechanical Traction in War for Road Transport, &c." By Lieut.-Col. Otfried Layriz. Translated by R. B. Marston. London: Sampson Low. 1900. 5s. net.

FOR many years it has been obvious to all scientific military men that with the increasing growth of modern armies, coupled with the vast increase in bulk and in weight of the matériel demanded by modern military science, the day must inevitably come when horse traction alone would prove totally inadequate to the demands put upon it by armies in the field. The value of road traction-engines for such a purpose must be plain to all, and it therefore seems all the more curious that for so many years but little attention has been directed to this means of at any rate supplementing the draught-power necessary for modern military requirements.

It must ever be remembered that the use of road engines preceded that of railways. The size and weight of the first traction-engines, their terrifying effect on horses, and the havoc they wrought in the roads, all combined to bring upon them the violent opposition of the authorities, an opposition which unquestionably explains the little progress made in their manufacture until recent years. It was found necessary to build special roads for them, and it is interesting to recall that it was in the effort to augment the tractive power of these road engines by means of reducing the friction, that light rails were first employed. From this to a regular railway with carriages drawn by locomotives was but a step. The old prints illustrating the first railway opened in England have an engine suspiciously like a road traction-engine, whilst the carriages are highly suggestive of several old mail coaches bereft of wheels, and mounted on a truck. Many railway companies British and foreign still paint their carriages to resemble the old coaches—in fact the expression "coach" is used by the railway companies to this day.

The first occasion when steam traction-engines were used in war was in the Crimean campaign, when some were employed in dragging heavy siege guns from Balaklava to the trenches before Sevastopol. These engines were of the earliest form used in steam-ploughing, viz. one that dragged the plough across the fields as distinguished from the more modern development of the stationary engine working a plough by means of a wire rope and drum. Their use in warfare however fell into abeyance and it was not until the Franco-German War of 1870 that they again were heard of. Two agricultural engines of Messrs. John Fowler and Co. were used by the Germans for transporting supplies and munitions of war across country where the railway was interrupted owing to the blowing up of the Nanteuil Tunnel by the French. These proved of invaluable service, albeit they were simply steam ploughing engines, whose weight, twenty tons, prevented them from crossing pontoon bridges. In the Russo-Turkish War of 1878 about a dozen traction-engines were employed, and close on 10,000 tons of war matériel were thus carried during eight months. The Germans do not appear to have given much attention to this mode of traction, for owing to the abundant horse supply in their country the question has not been pressing. In Italy however, the horse supply being deficient, from 1875 to 1883 road engines were freely used. Owing to certain disadvantages, mainly resulting from design and construction, they fell into disuse. One important point however was established, that drivers could be trained to work these engines in ten days.

The enormous advances made during recent years in the manufacture of automobiles have not been lost on military men. At the Paris Exhibition a number of military "voitures," light wagons &c. are now on view. But however seductive these may appear, the sober truth is that there is no very great opening for their employment in modern war, when all roads are necessarily crowded with troops and supplies, and in consequence it is impossible to drive the automobile at any pace. For great distances, on clear roads away from an army, their use to supplant "despatch riders" has already been discounted by the field telegraph and telephone.

In fact, the only two classes of road engines which appear to be suited for military purposes are the traction-engine capable of drawing a line of waggons and the "automobile" wagon; and of these the former is by far of the most general utility. It can afford assistance not only as a transporter of heavy articles, but in loading and unloading heavy weights, in supplying electric light to camps, or pumping water into tanks, and it need never lie idle. A motor-waggon, pure and simple, can only be used as a carrying machine of very limited capacity. The inherent objections to all electro-motors for war service are the impossibility of sending accumulators back to be recharged, and the obvious alternative difficulty of providing power engines which carry dynamos. The result of the various long-distance trials has been at least to establish the fact that, of all self-propelled road vehicles, those fitted with petroleum engines are far and away in every respect the best and most reliable.

In the next European war, we shall no doubt see the field railway playing an important part and the railway engineer companies will find ample work in repairing damages to railways. In view of our recent South African experiences, it is certain that in the future, railways will be assailed with considerable more energy than was displayed in 1870-71, simply for the reason that their military importance has vastly increased in the last thirty years. It will be during the inevitable breakdown of the railway systems that the value of the road engines will assert itself. As the author of this work observes, field railways and road engines should not be viewed as competitors in the task of assisting military operations, but rather as allies, the work of the one supplementing and completing that of the other. Armies on a peace footing will not keep a full stock of road engines in readiness for war but just as now in war-time horses are taken from the farm, or from the London omnibuses, to replenish the ranks, so will many engines "in civil employ" be utilised for transport work.

The most interesting part of the volume is that dealing with the use of the traction-engine in South Africa. There the local conditions are especially favourable, and the reasons which point to its employment in Europe are of tenfold greater import. For in South Africa not only do the scourges of horse sickness and rinderpest make reliance on animal traction at times impossible, but the interminable length of convoys of waggons drawn by ten or twenty span of oxen often present insuperable difficulties to the escorts. Three years ago Messrs. Fowler sent a representative to the late Orange Free State, on which occasion the enterprising "traveller" urged on ex-President Steyn the value of the road engine for hauling the big guns of the Staats Artillerie. Steyn's reply that, "heavy artillery would be of little use to his Government," in the light of recent events is at least interesting. From Bloemfontein the agent went to Pretoria, where he relates that "President Kruger appeared to express his satisfaction by short grunts"! When the war commenced fifteen engines and forty trucks were sent out. Unfortunately the transport was wrecked at Las Palmas. More engines were however despatched and the first batch, after being two months under water, were recovered and are now doing duty in South Africa. So far, nothing official is known as to their success or the reverse, but Mr. Burleigh, the war correspondent, describes how in crossing the Tugela near Colenso, after eighty oxen had failed to extricate a waggon from the "drift" where it had stuck hopelessly, an engine with steel hawser "walked away with" it in a few minutes. Road engines are however now on trial in a new capacity, Lord Roberts having ordered six "armoured road trains." These are proof against bullets from rifle or shrapnel shell, and where not exposed to artillery can be used as movable forts. The Boers have taught us that, in the future, heavy guns and howitzers will form part of the equipment of every field army, and these armoured road engines with trucks seem eminently suited for conveying the ponderous 4.7 gun or 6-inch howitzer to any required point. By means of steel rails fitted to the trucks, the heaviest guns can be run up and put on board in a few minutes.

The translator has done his work well and the book is profusely illustrated with drawings of road engines of every type.

AN ASTRONOMER'S GHOST STORIES.

"The Unknown." By Camille Flammarion. London: Harpers. 1900. 7s. 6d.

THE undevout astronomer is mad" quoth the eighteenth century poet: and Mr. Galton, if we remember aright, has confirmed the obiter dictum with all the glamour of statistics. Assuredly the astronomers and mathematicians have not been backward in testifying to the supernatural in recent times. Professor De Morgan, the mathematician, and Professor Challis, the astronomer, were amongst the earliest converts to Spiritualism in this country. Again, it was an astronomer, Sir William Huggins, who assisted at Sir W. Crookes' classic experiments with D. D. Home. And the founder of modern Spiritualism, Andrew Jackson Davis, the Poughkeepsie seer, claims to have discovered at the same time a new spiritual world, and a new member of the solar system, anticipating Adams and Leverrier in the one case as he confirmed Swedenborg in the other. It is in accordance with the fitness of things then that M. Camille Flammarion, the author of "Lumen," and of innumerable works on scientific and popular astronomy, should from early manhood have been a student of the occult. As he tells us indeed in his preface, he was first initiated into the mysteries of Spiritism by Allan Kardec himself, thirty-nine years ago. For "to tread the air and circumspect the sun" is not enough for the soul of man. M. Flammarion, like so many others before him, seeks to penetrate the secret of the future, and believes, like so many others, from the days of Cicero, nay from the days of the primæval cave-dwellers, that in dreams and deathwraiths the answer may be found. In accordance with an approved modern recipe, therefore, he issued last year through the medium of the "Figaro" and other French papers, a *questionnaire psychologique*, and the result is seen in several hundred ghost stories which are included in the present work, with the promise of more to follow. M. Flammarion's method is no doubt an advance on that followed by Glanvil or Beaumont, or the author of "Satan's Invisible World Discovered:" for his stories are comparatively recent, and rarely boast a longer pedigree than three generations: the limit in each direction probably being given in a case which is thus prefaced, "When my grandfather, who died in 1882 at the age of eighty, was a young man." But our author can hardly be said to be up to date. Professedly he founds his questions on those formulated some years since by the Society for Psychical Research: and curiously enough the results obtained are, superficially, very similar. The French savant, in answer to his appeal, got 1,824 ghost stories; the English society about 1,700. But the S.P.R., as it is called by its friends, when they asked a question took care to have it answered, and, for their 1,700 persons who have been hallucinated, can point to over 15,000 who have not. M. Flammarion has less than 2,500 answers in the negative. Moreover of the 1,700 English apparitions &c. only a small proportion are reported to have coincided with a death: and the society were able, by an ingenious calculation, to prove that even so some of their informants had "remembered" coincidences which never occurred. Nearly all M. Flammarion's apparitions occurred at the time of a death or a disaster: and, in the second-hand stories more particularly, the coincidence was as punctual as the late eclipse. On this characteristic our author founds an argument that his apparitions are not hallucinations at all, but veritable ghosts. The reasoning is a little belated.

But if the scientific pretensions of the book can hardly be substantiated, it is at any rate passable literature. Most of the stories, perhaps, are hardly matured enough for the epicure in such matters, who would probably prefer Glanvil, or even Mrs. Crowe; but there is good variety, and some of them make excellent reading. There is a charming story (No. VII.) by Clovis Hugues, the poet-friend of M. Déroulède. In No. CLV. the

ghost gives her hapless granddaughter a sound box on the ear, the marks of which remained for six months after: the deceased lady was actuated no doubt by the same motives as the father of Benvenuto Cellini, when he knocked his son down to impress upon him that he had seen a Salamander. In another case we meet our old friend the ghost-seeing cat, trembling in every limb and bathed in perspiration: there is a dream of the assassination of President Carnot: and the usual vision of the fate of Sir John Franklin. Again, the spectral Mr. B. floats through a friend's bedroom half a foot above the floor still smiling in his nightgown; and in CIX. we make the acquaintance of a precocious schoolboy who at twelve years old, "being still somewhat religious," prayed fervently one night for his grandmother: but when, on the following day, he learnt that his relative was dead, he felt himself justified in refusing any longer to believe in a Deity who would not answer his prayers. The logic is identical with that employed in a famous article by the late Professor Tyndall. M. Flammarion, it should be added, writes well enough to deserve a better translator: the rendering of the story last quoted, as of other parts of the book, is slovenly and inaccurate, and we have noticed several misprints. In the introductory chapter there are many aptly chosen illustrations of popular credulity and scientific incredulity, which time has proved equally erroneous. But some of the best reading in the book is to be found in the extracts from the author's diary of his dream-experiences as a young man.

TALKS ABOUT CHURCHES.

"Old English Churches." By George Clinch. Illustrated. London: Upcott Gill. New York: Scribner. 1900. 6s. 6d. net.

THERE is no reason why interest in mediæval architecture and its subsidiary antiquities should resolve itself into ecclesiology, save that churches are almost the only living relics left to us from the ages of constructive beauty. An adventitious glamour thus gathers round these houses of religion. You pass out of the railway station to "see what is to be seen" in the featureless ugly modern country town, and ask your way instinctively to the parish church, which stands next the new bank and the new iron bridge, like a county family among nouveaux riches, isolated amid pretentiousness and unloveliness, yet kept in countenance, perhaps, by a gabled shop-front or two, an old-fashioned hostelry, and a good George II. town hall—not yet re-edified as "municipal buildings." Too often, alas, like the county family, the church has copied its parvenu environment. Polished marble tombstones in the churchyard prepare us for the marble rebeds within, for the hot glass, the shiny brass lectern and altar rails, the encaustic tiles which have displaced a brick or stone floor, the tasteless Gothic organ case of oiled oak, the memorial pulpit with its marble pillars, brass stair-rail, book desk, &c., and statues of the Evangelists in Caen stone. The traveller looks round and almost wishes he had remained at the station. The controversy between restorationists and ancient-building protectors is quite distinct from such commonplaces of woe in the contemplation of one mid-Victorianised church after another. Against restorations carried out to-day objections of principle might be raised, but the work would probably be done with skill and judgment. It may be doubted however whether, even yet, our architects are sensitive enough to the common and unworthy appearance lent to a building by cheap smooth tiling on the roof, or to the inferiority of almost all modern glass, as though they had never seen in France or elsewhere the rich, pure and tender effect of light in an unspoiled interior where the fifteenth or sixteenth-century glazing still remains. Nor do they sufficiently insist that all the "ornaments of the church and of the minister" shall be thoroughly dignified and artistic—which the humblest bench or candle-stand may be—and again that the interior shall not be over-crowded with seats.

There is of course much that has escaped the iconoclastic piety of the last generation, and a book like Mr. Clinch's gives useful and pleasant information,

gathered apparently at first hand from random note-books, to the beginner in the study of ancient churches. The illustrations are not hackneyed, and among them are some eighteenth-century edifices. Indeed we have seen Grecian-porticoed dissenting chapels of the Regency which possessed, like Regent Street itself, more architectural interest than the machine-made Gothic of the sixties and seventies. In the Pugin period there was much loving and close imitation (usually in bad material) of ancient work, but the school of Scott and Street tried to be original, and, being architects but not artists, laid upon earth many a correct, unpoetical load. Compare, e.g., at Oxford, the Puginesque interior of Magdalen Chapel with the interior of St. Philip and James as Street left it.

The revival of seventy years since picked up Gothic where it left off, viz. at the Perpendicular stage. In that stage architecture was rich but declining, aiming at man's honour rather than God's, and, as Mr. Clinch remarks, assuming for the first time a different form in different lands. This was part of the nationalising and centrifugal tendency which culminated in the Reformation. One feature of this style is the absence of the triforium, which was felt to be an illogical survival from pre-Gothic times. Another feature is the fan-traceried ceiling, but there is no logical constructiveness in these multiplied ribs. Mr. Clinch treats of the furniture as well as the fabric of churches, and we note some useful directions for taking squeezes of bell inscriptions and rubbings of brasses. Of churchyard crosses he seems to have seen none but mutilated specimens. There is a quite perfect crucifix at (to mention no other place) Somersby, Lincolnshire, where, by way of contrast, the humble little hamlet church in which Alfred Tennyson was christened has been ruthlessly vulgarised at the smallest possible cost. Mr. Clinch in dealing with consecration marks might have mentioned the wall crosses all round Salisbury Cathedral, and in speaking of the uses of a parvise might have remembered the "in parvise respondit" of the Oxford Testamur (abolished, we fear), or Chaucer's Sergeant-of-Law, who "often hadde ben atte parvys." "Communion table," we may remark, is not a Prayer-Book expression, nor was the eating of flesh in Lent prohibited only in the "Middle Ages," as there is a long series of enactments, proclamations, and injunctions against Lenten sarcophagy down to the Restoration, and the common law of the Church of England remains unchanged, no doubt, to this day. The popular explanation of the crossed legs of knightly effigies may be wrong, but we cannot agree that nothing is indicated except repose. Surely Mr. Clinch has seen the legs painfully crossed at the thighs. Houselling cloths are not confined to the churches he mentions, and a pall of silk was used for the purpose at Coronations until this century.

PLUTOCRACY IN THE UNITED STATES.

"Politics and Administration." By Frank J. Goodnow. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1900. 6s. 6d. net.

IF the main facts about the actual working of American politics are not sufficiently known to English readers, it is from no lack of instruction from politicians and publicists over the water. Book after book emerges from the press, written, often enough, by men who have been actively engaged in political work, and reproducing, from one point of view or another, the same general situation. Briefly described, and with the inaccuracy inseparable from any general statement, the position is as follows: the elector is governed by the Party, the Party by the Boss, the Boss, and therefore the nation, by the Syndicate. How this has come about is a long and complex story. The enormous number of the candidates among whom he is invited to choose paralyses the elector, even when he would fain be "independent." He is driven by the mere complexity of the situation to vote one or other of the party lists. These lists are ostensibly produced by an elaborate system of representative conventions; but in fact the conventions are controlled by the party leaders, who make all important nominations themselves. As to the Syndicates, they stand outside and

"contribute to the campaign funds"—of both parties! The whole system is held together by the judicious distribution of "spoils." And the government of a great nation is thus practically "run" as the private concern of a handful of interested individuals.

Such a result of democratic institutions would have astonished and horrified our fathers. The modern man, at least the modern American, appears to view it without surprise, and almost without reprobation. A mild amusement, not unmixed with admiration, is apt to greet the more audacious of Tammany's swindles. It is from English visitors, Mr. Bryce for example and Mr. Stead, that the cry of indignation arises; and Americans, not unnaturally, are inclined to invite them to mind their own business. Possibly we exaggerate over here the importance, in the sum total of American life, of the political maladministration of which we hear so much. Still, no nation can afford for long to be good-naturedly indifferent to corruption and fraud; and the advocates of reform, both in theory and practice, are numerous and will, perhaps, be powerful. What direction reform shall take is, of course, the difficult problem. Students of politics, naturally enough, lay great stress on machinery. Proportional representation, a reorganisation of the whole system of nomination, the gradual extinction of "Spoils," administrative centralisation, the separation of local and national politics, these are some of the more important changes advocated. Some of them may be good; some of them may be practicable. But it must be remembered that all machinery is only the tool of power; and where power is thither Government will gravitate. The deeper lesson of Democracy in the United States appears to be, that it is idle to establish political equality in an element of social inequality. Because, in America as everywhere else, the great force is wealth; for that reason wealth has got hold of Government. Democracy, in the present state of manners and morals, means Plutocracy. It is so in France; it is so, to an increasing extent, in England, and even in Germany; only in these latter countries there is still a counterpoise, in aristocratic and monarchic institutions dating from an earlier age. Political conditions in the United States are the reflex of social conditions; and political reform, to be effective, must involve and be a symptom of a profounder change in economic conditions, in manners and in morals.

SURREY COUNTY.

"A History of Surrey." By Henry Elliot Malden. London: Elliot Stock. 1900. 7s. 6d.

THIS is one of a series of Popular Histories, the object being to narrate the part played in English History by the people inhabiting Surrey. Well acquainted with the topography, geology and archaeology of his county, Mr. Malden surveys the vicissitudes of its people from the dawn of record to the present day. No one could be better qualified, but, notwithstanding the high reputation of the author, we should have preferred more references to authorities than he vouchsafes. We accept however with gratitude this excellent treatise, believing it reliable. In the introduction the Kelts who named the rivers, the Romans who began the roads, and the Saxons who founded and named the towns, receive due recognition. The Roman scheme of roads indicates that London was not deemed all-important then, but for the last thousand years the dominant note of Surrey history has been its neighbourhood to London. The site of London was probably determined by finding the lowest spot of the river at which early engineering skill could construct a bridge. At one end of that bridge grew Southwark, from which point many endeavours to assault the English Metropolis have been made, and have always failed. The roads to London and the Pilgrims' way to Canterbury form the principal scenes of Mr. Malden's drama.

Surrey means the Southern Kingdom; it was not however a colony of the South Saxons, from whom it was separated by a dense forest, but it belonged to the West Saxon kingdom, and became subject under Christianity to Winchester. The population in 1086 consisted of 4,370 grown men, of whom over three thousand were

servile. Mr. Malden states the number of tenants in chief as 40. Domesday gives 36 of whom are the King, the Archbishop, Bishop Osborn, the Bishop of Bayeux, the Abbots of S. Peter of Westminster, S. Peter of Winchester and S. Peter of Chertsey, three Earls and sixteen Magnates. These were the great tenants of land. The proportion of some twenty great laymen, one thousand freemen and three thousand bondmen may perhaps fairly illustrate England as feudalised for military service.

In his chapters on castles and tenures, Mr. Malden notes the extraordinary tenure by which William Testard held a manor as "Custos Meretricum in Curia Domini Regis": he also gives an interesting account of the restoration of Guildford Castle by Henry III. Genealogy is not fully treated in this history as it is in county histories of the older type, but in a critical account of the earldom of Surrey due notice is taken of the illustrious houses of Warrenne, Fitzalan and Howard. With the tenth chapter the purely antiquarian story closes. The development of Surrey under the Tudor and Stuart dynasties, and the part taken in the ecclesiastical and civil disputes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are well illustrated, but the concluding chapters will interest the larger number of readers.

Surrey and Sussex were, it is strange to remember, once the home of iron foundries, depending on the vast forests for fuel, and much foolish legislation was enacted to regulate them. The object was to preserve the forests, but the author has well shown that the use for timber was itself the best inducement to replace it, and that the result of the industry leaving the south has been the disappearance of the forests.

Mr. Malden traces the development of Epsom and its races, and adds an admirable description of the development of county cricket. We note that Surrey has on several occasions beaten All England, and that in 1791 an instance occurred of an innings being "closed."

Standing as it were on a pinnacle and surveying time and space, the author brings into the focus of one county the Celtic, Roman, Saxon and Norman ancestors of the Englishman, and indicates the part which the men of Surrey have taken in the development of the nation. The history concludes with a valuable annotated list of printed books on Surrey. And it will itself take a prominent place in any future list. Its value would, however, have been greatly increased by maps showing the county as it existed at the Conquest and while the forests were standing.

HORSES AND STABLES.

"Stable Management and Exercise: a Book for Horse Owners and Students." By Captain M. H. Hayes. London: Hurst and Blackett. 12s. net.

THE horse does not suffer from want of books to teach his owner and groom how to attend to his wants. Works more or less practical or impractical are constantly being published; but many of them one fears are not read attentively, if we may judge from the atrocious stable management seen in some establishments. The latest addition to the list is the above-named book by Captain Hayes. As a writer of technical books on horses the author has been before the public for the last twenty-five years; and as polo player, steeplechase rider, trainer, soldier, and veterinary surgeon he may be credited with knowing the subject on which he writes. In many particulars the work differs from Major Fisher's excellent handbook "Through the Stable and Saddle Room," the last and most practical treatise of its kind ever given to the horse-owning public. It is scarcely possible, however, to compare the two, because Captain Hayes takes a much wider scope than does Major Fisher, and as the former is well versed in veterinary surgery, and has some scientific knowledge, a great deal of his book is taken up with pages of a scientific nature which may or may not prove of interest to the general reader. We may, however, do Captain Hayes the justice of saying that he puts his science and chemistry into words which can be understood by the people. The chemistry of the stable in fact is treated of at length.

That the work will be over the heads of a good many of the author's readers is we regret to say a fact; but, at the same time, if even the elements were really digested stable management would be carried out on more enlightened lines. For example most grooms have a penchant for stopping the feet with the droppings of cows, in the belief that they are using an emollient, whereas the material used is merely a mild kind of blister, a fact which is not mentioned in this book though the author has some remarks about hoof-ointment and stopping. The remarks on food, if rather learned from the ordinary standpoint, are to the purpose.

When we come to the question of stables, the horse-owner is often in the position of the man instanced by the poet Bunthorne who sighs for whirlwinds but has to do the best he can with the bellows. Mr. Birch's book on stable architecture gives a variety of elevations and plans which are all very well so long as the money is of little moment; while Captain Hayes gives us the newest ideas in ventilation and fittings. It happens, however, that in the case of some stables nothing short of pulling down the whole affair will suffice to make a stable come up to the ideal. In towns especially stables must often be taken as they are found; they cannot be altered to any appreciable extent, particularly when there are living rooms overhead, an arrangement which effectually precludes the adoption of the best means of expelling the foul air and replacing it with fresh. There are in London, and doubtless elsewhere, stables which it would puzzle anyone properly to ventilate. Many of London's valuable horses are lodged in a long stable into which air can enter by a door at one end and by a small window only, so that the unlucky animal who finds himself at the far end never enjoys a whiff of fresh air. Horses which like cab and van horses spend a great portion of each day in the open do not suffer so much as those horses which are wanted for an hour or so on fine days; the latter suffer severely from defective ventilation. A few years ago an amateur coach proprietor prided himself upon the excellence of his horses, particularly those which worked the London ground. He had about eight to work the stage, and these were stabled in a large building with ventilation at one end only with the result that the horses were never really fit. The reader of Captain Hayes' book, however, should he have a free hand can see for himself what proper ventilation should be, for it does not consist in knocking out a brick on each side and creating a draught.

The hunting man should, of course, never bed his horses on anything but straw, because he ought to buy it from the farmers; but commercial firms and others who are not indebted to the agriculturist for permission to ride over his land find it economical to use some other material as bedding, and on page 262 will be found a list of everything upon which a horse can lie, with some remarks about each, and on bedding generally. The question is often asked by the inexperienced how much straw should be allowed per week per horse? The answer is that if at the start two or three trusses are put into a horse-box, or from one to two trusses into a stall, a very careful groom—and he must be careful—will manage with a truss and a half per week in a box, and a truss in a stall; but if the owner be particular as to appearances a good deal more will be required. A host of other matters not enumerated in this notice find place in the book which is essentially of a practical nature and can be recommended.

FOUR NOVELS.

"The Chevalier of the Splendid Crest." By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1900. 6s.

Sir Herbert Maxwell's last novel would have been described by Stevenson as "a brave romance of Tushery," though the author wearies midway of his quasi-medieval style, and the story is abruptly taken out of the hands of the old knight who begins it and is finished in modern language. All chance of unity is thus destroyed, but a more lamentable fact is that the romance is not quite good enough to grip the reader's mind. It is a completely conventional historical

novel, and the plot is purely mechanical. The interest therefore turns on the faithfulness with which the wars of the Bruce are described, and here the author is seen at his best. The description of Bannockburn is as vivid a piece of writing as any battle scene in fiction which we can recall. It is therefore the more to be regretted that Sir Alexander Seton should be described as deserting from the English army on the eve of the fight. There is no warrant for the story, and it is unpardonable in a good Scot like Sir Herbert Maxwell to malign—even after five centuries—the memory of one of the staunchest and most gallant Scots patriots. A priori, Alexander Seton was not likely to have given his allegiance to a king who had executed Christell Seton, known as "the Good" because he had killed so many Englishmen: in fact, he is known to have taken the Bruce's side from the first. "The Chevalier of the Splendid Crest" must stand or fall by its historical accuracy in default of dramatic power, and an objection which in the case of some novels would be irrelevant is here legitimate.

"Under Fate's Wheel." By Lawrence L. Lynch. London: Ward, Lock. 1900.

A tangled yarn of crime, property love, and melodramatic misery is not an unfair description of this book. The pity of it is that there is enough cleverness in the plot itself to have made a really good novel of the sensational type. The treatment is careless in the extreme. When the mad mesmerist dashes with his disillusioned victim to the edge of the yawning chasm there is a terrible to-do. But the incident pales before the fight between the outraged tenses. Past, present and future have a breathless time. The names and ranks of individuals are in like case. The author of "Shadowed by Three" adores italics. They seem to meet one on every other page. There is a young lady whose "*rôle* is *secondo*" when her brother is near at hand. We read of a young man who is full of "*inherent bonhommie*." Verbs and nouns have their little disagreements as in the case of the dying man whose "white lips whispers." There is a deathbed scene which is evidently intended to be spiritual with pathos, whereas it is actually painful with bathos. Mr. Lynch has passed his proofs without using the file or borrowing that of a judicious friend.

"On Alien Shores." By Leslie Keith. London: Hurst and Blackett.

The novel-reader of to-day surely owes to "Leslie Keith" a debt of gratitude for giving life to so winsome and true-hearted a girl as "Susie." There are in her none of the masculine and repulsive qualities with which latter-day novelists endow their heroines. The situations are original and in spite of some faults in construction, over-lengthiness, and one or two needless complications, the reader is carried on by charm of style and regard for "Susie." Here we read of a high-born, clever and affectionate orphan girl, brought up by a wealthy and narrow-minded old countess, her grandmother, who keeps her within the strictest trammels of "high society" and worldly wisdom. The girl determines to break through all the barriers of the cold and artificial life destined for her, and leaves her grandmother's house in order to be married to a young Scotchman who is but a city merchant's clerk. Soon they have to part—as the young husband is suddenly sent off to China for a year on special business for his firm, whilst Susie goes to Edinburgh to live with her husband's mother and sister. Then her trials begin in earnest, but she finds refuge in the love of her dear old Highland mother-in-law, whose refined and keen insight binds her close to the beautiful young wife of her beloved son. This is not the place in which further to outline the story. It must be read at length in the original.

"Blood Tracks of the Bush." By Simpson Newland. London: Gay and Bird. 1900. 6s.

Now that so many unsophisticated persons presume to tread the path of letters, it is strange that every publisher should not employ some educated man to correct faults of grammar and taste, tone down asperities of style, and generally obliterate the mark of the raw amateur. This remissness is no doubt a survi-

val from the days when a publisher was a mere tradesman and an author insisted upon respect for all the sensibility of an artist. Such a claim might equally be advanced for faulty spelling, which the printer is tacitly permitted to correct. Mr. Newland affords an apposite case in point. He has a vivid imagination and there is scarcely a dull page in his book, but an educated reader is constantly irritated by amateur clumsiness, which any unimaginative publisher's reader might have remedied with ease.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Eclectic Oral Method for the Practical Study of the French Language." By Jean F. Cunuder. Bath: J. F. Cunuder; Bristol: H. A. Burleigh. 1900. 4s. 6d. net.

This book is one of the many attempts made with a certain but never complete success to base the learning of French on the natural method in which a French child learns its own language. The object is to eliminate as far as possible the learning of rules of grammar which apart from a familiar acquaintance with the language itself are merely so much useless lumber. A clever French teacher could use this book with its graded lessons and its grammar in an appendix with much better practical results than usually follow the teaching of French to English pupils. But for a pupil learning French privately unless he has previously done much of the very grammatical work which it is the object of the book to avoid no method can relieve him from the burden. If he has acquired a fairish knowledge of French however in the ordinary way then he will find M. Cunuder's lessons of very great help.

"Golden Deeds of the War." By Alfred Thomas Story. London: George Newnes. 1900. 6s.

Mr. Story has compiled, without political or racial bias, a narrative at once chronological and personal of the more notable of the brave deeds of the war in South Africa. He has gone for his materials to various sources principally the accounts of the newspaper "specials" and private soldiers' letters. If he has bias it is for "the common man." The volume should prove an antidote to the jeremiads so industriously circulated concerning British decadence. Victoria Crosses to the living have been numerous but among those who have fought and fallen are some who, as has been well said, "deserve Victoria Crosses in their coffins."

"The Yellow Danger." By M. P. Shiel. New and cheaper edition. London: Grant Richards. 1900. 3s. 6d.

We have not the least objection to nightmares, and we are accustomed, though not reconciled, to bad English in works of fiction. But a "patriotic" novel whose sailor hero is the most unmitigated cad ever seen in fiction, and whose pages reek with vulgarity, is not to be condoned. The plot is too silly to be even amusing. The critic's task is accomplished when he records with regret that the condition of public taste in 1900 should make a second edition of such a work possible. The cover shows a valiant attempt on the publisher's part to beat the author in his own line of sensationalism.

MANUALS OF ART.

"The Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture." Recent volumes:—"Raphael." By Henry Strachey. "Correggio." By Selwyn Brinton. "Donatello." By Hope Rea. 1900. 5s. net each.

Of these three volumes the "Raphael" is the best written. Where so many have worked Mr. Strachey has nothing original in information or criticism to offer; but he gives a very reasonable account of his master. On main lines, like several other writers in the series, he follows Mr. Berenson; but his attitude towards the connoisseurs is a little sceptical. If he were to continue his study, no doubt in the end he would be forced to take sides: at present his attitude is that of the painter, a little impatient of the minute investigator. Mr. Brinton's is not one of the good numbers. This book, like a previous one on the Renaissance, is terribly fluffy. The accumulation of material by students makes it easy for writers of Mr. Brinton's type to produce works with a show of critical learning; but we cannot believe that the writer of this handbook is to be trusted himself to give a critical account of pictures. Miss Rea has a great subject in "Donatello," and one little handled in English. There is a distinct advance since her last publication in business-like treatment. Some of her remarks come close to the subject, as a sculptor's might. Yet she remains a little under the dominion of ambiguous words when she deals with Beauty as beauty appears in Donatello's work; confusing the personal beauty of the model with the sculptor's beauty of the statue. Nor does she seem, with all her appreciation, to guess how supreme the statue of Gattamelata is.

"British Contemporary Artists." By Cosmo Monkhouse. London: Heinemann. 1899. 21s. net.

These are essays reproduced from "Scribner's Magazine." Mr. Monkhouse always writes agreeably, but he does not shine

as a critic in these pages as in his "Life of Turner." The estimates are of the friendly order. It was Ruskin who in a tolerant hour made a list of modern English masters, ranging from Rossetti to Mr. Tadema, and it is interesting to watch the fortunes of that list. In M. de la Sizeranne's Mr. Herkomer made one of a sacred seven. In Mr. Monkhouse's he makes way for Sir E. Poynter, and Mr. Holman Hunt is replaced by Mr. Orchardson. Mr. Whistler hovers in the offing of the preface, not exactly as the enemy, but as a somewhat inhumanly artistic genius, object of a respectful *méfiance*. The volume is amply illustrated by wood engravings and process blocks.

"Præraphælite Diaries and Letters." Edited by William Michael Rossetti. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1900.

Within these boards are given some early correspondence of D. G. Rossetti, and the P. R. B. journal kept by the editor. But the third section is the most interesting, viz. the remainder of Madox Brown's diary, of which a fragment had already been published. This document will be valuable for the critic who will remake the figure of Madox Brown. Depressed, savage, trivial for the most part, it yields an occasional glimpse into the workings of the painter's mind. The outburst is characteristic when he tells that he growled with pleasure when he had painted the little vixen that pulls her brother's hair in "Work"; on the other hand we have entries that remind us of the Citizen's Diary in the "Spectator": "Rail to Barnet, walk home. Lazy, sad, nervous again; hopes gone, unspeakably flown. Onions for supper. Stupid state. The trip in all cost £1 6s. 6d. Sheer madness—but *que voulez-vous?* the thing is done."

"Sketches of Wadham College, Oxford." By Edwin Glasgow. London: Methuen. 1900. 2s. 6d. net.

These pen and ink drawings are somewhat weak and flimsy; their author is perhaps a beginner. If so, he will do well to study more solid and searching examples of architectural drawing than he appears to have done. Wadham provides, of course, admirably picturesque material.

SEPTEMBER REVIEWS.

World problems crowd thick upon each other in the pages of the new reviews, and as Great Britain happens to be the world-power they are mostly of exceeding interest to her. China, South Africa, foreign relations generally, the Philippines, Italy, the readiness and efficiency of navies, and the coal question, form the chief subjects dealt with. It is impossible not to feel as we rise from the study of any one of them that Great Britain has economic and Imperial difficulties to face in the immediate future which cannot fail to be the occasion of grave anxiety to statesmen. In a "rough balance sheet" of the outgoing Government's successes and failures given in the "Fortnightly," Mr. H. Whates shows that Lord Salisbury and his colleagues have had to contend with a series of crises and troubles exceptional in kind and in degree. The Government have on the whole come through the ordeal creditably, but even if their record were much worse than it is the chaos in the Liberal ranks would rob their opponents of any chance of ousting them. "A Lead for Liberalism" in the "Fortnightly" holds out no hope of a speedy recovery from the present aimlessness of the party. Nor can the Liberals be particularly anxious to secure the reins at a time when so many anxious problems have to be grappled with. Such questions as the reorganisation of the public service on business principles, which Mr. Edmund Robertson discusses in the "Nineteenth Century," the military hospitals scandal on which Mr. Murray Guthrie in the "Nineteenth" and Dr. Francis H. Welch in the "Fortnightly," write from different points of view, and the needs of the navy indicated by "Blackwood's" and by Mr. R. Appleyard in the "Fortnightly," cannot be set on one side and are just the questions which the Radicals have never shown any disposition to take up in the proper spirit. The war in South Africa has resulted in the exposure of so many shortcomings at headquarters that drastic reforms will have to be put in hand without delay. We can never tell how soon the hostility towards England in so many countries may have disastrous consequences. "Ignotus" and Sir Rowland Blennerhassett in the "National" insist on the risks we run from Germany. It is noteworthy that none of the reviews suggests that England may find herself engaged in war with France. Germany threatens, according to the "National," to be the disturber of the European peace, and there are several broad hints thrown out both in the editor's "Episodes of the Month" and in an article by Mr. Adrian Hofmeyr that German intrigue in the Transvaal was not wholly irresponsible for the war. Japan in the East and England in the West are the two Powers which realised the gravity of the situation in Peking and strained every effort to rescue the beleaguered foreigners. Germany, in the view of Ignotus, is chiefly concerned to play off Russia against England. Sir Rowland Blennerhassett is assured that dislike of England is the dominant note of Germany's foreign policy. "The hatred of England has become a positive mania"—a view which is shared by Professor Max Müller in the American "Forum." "If the Germans had their way," says the Professor, "there is little doubt they would rush into war with England. Their

newspapers have simply gone mad in their hatred of Great Britain." Not only England, however, has cause of complaint against Germany. "The attitude of the German mind to all foreign countries is very much more narrow and much more vulgar than that of France in her worst days." Sir Rowland urges that we should enter into closer relations with Italy, detach her from the Triple Alliance and its burdens, and so meet the views of Russia.

Ignorant foreshadows the possibility of a Chino-Japanese alliance. If the settlement of the Chinese Question were to take that form, it is difficult to say whether it would be for the advantage or disadvantage of Europe. A hundred million of Chinamen educated and drilled on Japanese principles might be a menace to the West which would bring the yellow nightmare to the verge of reality. There is no thought in any responsible quarter apparently of breaking up China. "The idea of partition" says *Diplomaticus* in the "Fortnightly" "appeals only to a few cracked-brained journalists who know little of China and still less of Europe." "An Old China Resident"—much of whose article, written at Shanghai in the belief that the foreigners in Peking had been massacred, might have been dispensed with by the Editor—formulates this ambitious scheme for the future government of China: "(1) Let a Joint Cabinet be formed consisting of one half foreigners and one half Chinese. (2) Let those foreign nations which will furnish 10,000 troops and upwards to keep order in China (or the equivalent of 10,000 troops) be entitled to have two men each represented in this new China Cabinet. (3) Let the viceroys and governors of China nominate an equal number of Chinese (say two statesmen each) in whom they have the fullest confidence, so that these, with the foreign members, shall form the new China Cabinet. (4) Let the chief duties of this Cabinet be:—(a) To preserve the lives and property of all residents in China, both native and foreign. (b) To preserve the integrity of the Chinese Empire. (c) To rule China, not in the interest of any one nation, nor any group of nations, but in the interest of all nations alike, without any distinction whatever. (5) Let the new Cabinet act in perfect independence of the direct control of any foreign Government, as joint control has been proved in Egypt, Crete and Samoa impracticable. (6) Let there be also formed at the same time a Supreme Court of all nations whose duty shall be to settle any international difficulty that may arise out of this joint government, by just decisions instead of by the brute force of arms. (7) Meanwhile let the viceroys and governors be asked to keep order in their respective provinces and cease from sending troops to the aid of Peking, which only uses these troops to attack foreigners and to violate all its solemn pledges and treaties." Not remotely connected with the China question, which opens up the whole problem of the Pacific, is that of the settlement of the Philippines. In the "Nineteenth Century" Mr. Bradley Martin, jun. argues in favour of America's retention of the islands which she has yet to subdue. His chief reason is that by holding them the United States will not only secure new markets but be in a position better to enforce her rights in China. Another view is taken by Mr. John Foreman in the "National." He tells the story of the manner in which the Filipinos were misled by the Americans into the belief that independence would follow the expulsion of Spain. No doubt the United States are by this time heartily sorry that they were not content to take over Cuba only. "America," says Mr. Foreman, "is undoubtedly in a dilemma and we do not want to see her become the laughing-stock of Europe. I believe there are thousands on both sides of the Atlantic who would gladly see her extricate herself with honour." He therefore proposes that the United States should undertake gradually to relinquish control over the Philippines and be content with a protectorate under which, while the Filipinos would enjoy autonomy, America would enjoy special rights and privileges.

Of vital interest to Great Britain is the coal supply, the price of coal as affecting the home and the factory, and the period during which the supply may be expected to last. Two able articles—one in the "Nineteenth Century" by Mr. Benjamin Taylor, the other in the "National" by Mr. A. D. Provand, M.P.—should be carefully studied. Britain's manufacturing and naval supremacy is at stake, and if coal failed her, individual industrial defeats such as that in iron and steel inflicted by America, would be succeeded by general collapse, while the navy would be paralysed. Mr. Provand argues for a new Royal Commission, and the issue is really so serious that something must be done in order that we may know where we stand and take precautions accordingly. To turn from the statement of the coal case to "C. de Thierry's" article in the "Contemporary" on "The Colonial Office Myth" is refreshing. Young ladies in these days have become quite the most strenuous critics of the old lady of Downing Street. "C. de Thierry" has a fine subject for her peculiar methods of attack, but her dislike of Mr. Chamberlain induces exaggeration. She is very angry indeed at the Colonial Secretary's suggestion that Downing Street has ever known more about a colony than the colony knew about itself. She points to South Africa, indicates the mistakes we have made there, and then urges that South Africa should be allowed to settle its own affairs. If South Africa had been allowed to settle its own affairs in the immediate past, Mr.

Kruger would by this time have been President of the whole! Where would Cape Colony and Natal have been without the quarter of a million men sent out by the Mother Country? Other articles in the Reviews that should be read are Mr. R. A. Skelton's suggestive paper on "The Statistics of Suicide" in the "Nineteenth," Ralph George Hawtrey's "Schoolboy's View of Schoolmasters" in the "National," Mr. W. Larminie's "Evidence of Design in History" in the "Contemporary," Mr. W. B. Yeats' "Irish Witch Doctors" in the "Fortnightly," the second part of Captain Haldane's account of his escape from Pretoria and "The Old Golf and the New" in "Blackwood's." The chief glory of the new golf, "Bogey," has not yet found its way to Scotland apparently. The Scot at present only plays "Bogey" when he comes south of the Tweed, but "Bogey" is on his way north. There is something to be said for "Bogey," who is described as "an abstraction who always holes out in a fixed number of strokes never less never more." Bogey "provides the solitary player with an ever-ready opponent. Many a Southern golfer manifests more delight in beating Bogey than in defeating a real live antagonist, and a man may often be seen to start out alone with enthusiasm to play Bogey, and in the effort work himself and his caddie into a state of genuine excitement. Without a Bogey opponent the man would simply be playing objectless, irresponsible shots. You may often have remarked him stand—him and his caddie—on the putting-green, with the true furor of the putt on both, and heard his 'Hush, I've got this to beat Bogey!' There is something strange about the phenomenon, something even uncanny. Bogey is nobody. In literal fact he is a concoction of the Green Committee; but of what use would it be to urge that consideration on the man who comes in hot and elated from a victory over him—over Bogey, Bogey whom everybody knows and believes in, and struggles against, curses, gloats over, cherishes? Walking unscathed over hot stones is nothing compared to the miracle of an elderly gentleman, who would die at the command to dig ten minutes in his garden, going forth voluntarily for a two hours' exhausting struggle against the golf Bogey."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Œuvres Complètes de H. de Balzac. Paris: Calmann Lévy and Ollendorff. 1900.

In spite of Balzac's splendid popularity in Paris, we doubt whether MM. Calmann Lévy and Ollendorff's latest venture will meet with the success it thoroughly deserves. Both firms are issuing new editions of the "Comédie Humaine" series in twenty-four and fifty volumes respectively—but the first, with

(Continued on page 308.)

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its illustrations by Gavarni and other famous artists, costs 7f. 50c. a volume, while the second set—also well illustrated—will be sold at the rate of 3f. 50c. a book. In neither case is the price extravagant; but Balzac, it must be remembered, has figured more prominently than anyone in the franc edition of Famous Authors Series for years, and it is through this edition that the average Parisian has learned to appreciate and admire the genius of the "Père Goriot," "Cousin Pons," and "Cousine Bette." No bookcase, however limited, lacks these three masterpieces; they are everywhere; they cannot be missed, and should they become ragged from age and shed entire chapters, they can easily be replaced at an outlay of another franc. Parisians, moreover, are not particularly fond of the almost interminable editions that produce a volume month after month. After a while they lose count, and miss a book. They are irritated, months later, when they hear that the edition is still appearing; and—finally—protest that they remember buying the first volume of the series "quand j'étais gosse." In fact they are made "énervés" by the instalment system; and, in all probability, will ever prefer to buy their literature when it pleases them. Second-hand copies of Balzac—always plentiful on the quays—are also likely to spoil the sale of MM. Calmann Lévy and Ollendorff's new edition. They may be had in excellent condition for anything between seventy centimes and two francs: and so we fear, all things considered, that only Balzac's most ardent admirers, only the most prosperous Parisians, will take this excellent opportunity of getting a complete and handsome set of the "Comédie Humaine." Of the two sets that published by Calmann Lévy has made the quicker progress; but Ollendorff announces the immediate appearance of "Cousine Bette" and "Cousin Pons," and has just issued the wonderfully popular "Père Goriot."

Chez Nos Petits Fils. By Eugène Fournière. Paris: Fasquelle. 1900. 3f. 50c.

The idea of sending someone to sleep for a hundred years and then introducing him to an almost ideal society is not a particularly new one; but M. Fournière is endowed with so graceful a style and so vast a fund of (perhaps unconscious) humour that his book is at once interesting and amusing. He does not commit the great fault in a novel of this kind of taking his theme au sérieux; indeed, we believe that M. Fournière has simply tried to be gay and entertaining, and he succeeds not only here but in showing that his new society, while highly diligent and honourable, is keenly alive to the comforts and pleasures of life also. Pierre Devant—the sleeper awakened—sees that everyone is happy and fond of labour; hears men and women call one another "citoyen" and "citoyenne;" visits many a delightful home and enjoys himself in more than one choice restaurant. There are too many syndicates perhaps; and certainly far too many cliques who band themselves together for the purpose of fishing, making excursions, and playing piquet. But life is gay on the whole, and just, and honourable—from a gentle hint we take it that no shameful "Affaire" could possibly occur in this admirable society. Automobiles, of course, are about; but M. Fournière does not weary us by introducing electrical and mechanical marvels. Amiably he goes his way, among amiable people; and, when he has at last approached his goal, leaves us believing that his monde will grow still more excellent and still more amiable.

Revue de Paris. 1 Septembre. 2f. 50c.

The second instalment of M. André Chevrillon's article on "L'Opinion Anglaise et la Guerre" is written in a more reflective and less descriptive vein than the first. Here and there it displays the author's sympathy for the Boers more strongly than before; but the style and tone are as dignified as ever, and the descriptive passages bear the stamp of truth that characterises all M. Chevrillon's writings. His interview with the young "pastor baptiste," an enthusiast, who declares it "to be the will of the Almighty that the earth should be developed," we know at once to have taken place; while the letters quoted from soldiers at the front—such as "the Boers do nothing but sing weird hymns, have dysentery, and look awful villains"—will convince French readers that the malicious letters supposed to have been written by our soldiers, and published by the baser part of the Parisian press, were simply concocted on the Boulevards or in the Rue Montmartre. At times M. Chevrillon calls up visions, as he takes note of the luxury and comfort reigning in London—but they are not sentimental visions, merely picturesque, and in the tone of the following extract:—"Quand Cronje fut reçu par Lord Roberts, deux races et deux mondes semblerent en présence. D'un côté la fine silhouette d'un officier gentleman, botté, éperonné, serré dans la fière simplicité de son uniforme khaki, et qui ajoute à la dignité de ses cheveux blancs l'orgueil des croix et des médailles alignées sur sa poitrine,—un maréchal de camp, pair d'Angleterre, qui commanda en chef les armées de l'Inde, les conduisit à la victoire, et dont le passé de gloire s'ajoute à la gloire séculaire de la nation,—un gentleman de physionomie affinée, active, qui, la bataille finie, sans geste d'émotion, trouve de brèves paroles courtoises pour accueillir son prisonnier, le reçoit comme un hôte qu'il introduirait dans son club de Pall Mall. De l'autre côté, un homme barbu, chapeau cabossé, en paletot jaune, en pantalon noir, déformé au genou, en souliers de toile, et qui

ressemble à ces braves gens du peuple, contremaîtres, pilotes, sous-officiers, guides suisses, prédicateurs wesleyens de campagne, qui peuvent s'attirer notre estime, mériter notre confiance, mais dont la destinée se limite naturellement aux emplois subalternes. Ses traits sont frustes. Comme le président Kruger, il crache par terre. Sa femme est derrière lui, sorte de fermière en noir, épaisse et effarée. Aux paroles courtoises il oppose un silence morne. Questionné, il répond par des *oui* et par des *non*, par de brèves énonciations de faits. Il demande à déjeuner et mange notre jambon sans remords. Il cherche sa pipe; nos officiers lui tendent des havanes réservés aux mess de l'état-major, et que, sans doute, il ne sait pas comprendre. Ces contrastes nous suffisent. Ces détails nous répètent ce que nous savions déjà: nous sommes l'humanité supérieure. Plus tard les Boers nous remercieront de les avoir élevés jusqu'à nous. Ils connaîtront la fierté d'être citoyens de notre empire, semblables à nous-mêmes." Further on M. Chevrillon describes how the spruce audiences of the Savoy and Criterion Theatres rise with almost the same enthusiasm as the Alhambra audiences when "God Save the Queen" is played; and, growing serious again, discusses the "Ethics of Imperialism," and attacks Kipling—whose genius he recognised so generously before—for having abandoned his proper sphere and gone with the vulgar, ultra-patriotic tide. In the next article, M. Chevrillon will probably bring his study to a close. We should be glad to see the three instalments bound together, and circulated in France—for they would do much to dissipate the anti-English policy so ardently advocated by the Nationalists and help to show the French what is best and most remarkable in the English people.

Revue des Revues. 1 Septembre. 1f. 30c.

We must again deplore that Madame Bashkirtseff should deem it necessary to give the hitherto unpublished portions of her daughter's diary to the press, for they only succeed in showing the strange Russian girl in a most disagreeable light. Even in the late Mathilde Blind's translation of Marie Bashkirtseff's journal, instances of the most shameless vanity and egotism were to be encountered on every other page; but we are shocked more than ever this time, and hope very much that we shall be spared further introduction to Marie Bashkirtseff's emotions, experiences, and thoughts. No one, we imagine, will be interested in her visits to dressmakers, or in her protestation that "she looked extremely nice." She says, "Il me semble que j'ai été très spirituelle," and, "Je suis une artiste dans tout l'acception du mot;" and she tells her dreams—an unpardonable offence—and criticises Wagner (of whom she knows nothing), and admires no one, believes in no one, thinks of no one but herself. All this occupies seventeen closely printed pages: we have seldom seen so much useless waste of space. Hospitable always to pro-Boers, the "Revue des Revues" offers the opinions of Olive Schreiner on the war. The pretentious title is "La Psychologie et la Formation des Boërs africains;" and we have not yet decided whether, of two evils, we prefer the sentimental views of Olive Schreiner or the blatant and false declarations of the insufferable Mr. Stead.

Revue des Deux Mondes. 1 Septembre. 3f.

Another dull number. Apart from the admirable first instalment of a new story—"Les Tronçons du Glaive"—by MM. Paul and Victor Marguerite, the contents are terribly dry and uninteresting. Even M. Firmin Roy's impressions of Scotland are set down in the most ponderous and unimaginative style; while M. Brunetière was surely never more "Academic" than in his paper on "La Réforme de la Syntaxe." It is high time for the "Revue des Deux Mondes" to introduce brighter and more entertaining features.

For This Week's Books see page 310.

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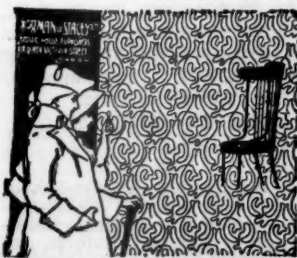
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SEVENTIETH REPORT

Of the Court of Directors to the Ordinary Half-yearly General Meeting of Shareholders, held at the City Hall, Hongkong, on the 18th August, 1900.

TO THE PROPRIETORS OF THE HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION.

GENTLEMEN,—The Directors have now to submit to you a General Statement of the affairs of the Bank, and Balance-Sheet for the half-year ending 30th June, 1900.

The net profits for that period, including \$960,843.56, balance brought forward from last account, after paying all charges, deducting interest paid and due, and making provision for bad and doubtful accounts, amount to \$3,438,826.01.

In accordance with the intimation given at the last ordinary half-yearly general meeting, the Reserve Fund of \$11,500,000 has been divided into a Sterling Reserve Fund of \$10,000,000 and a Silver Reserve Fund of \$1,500,000. The Directors now recommend the transfer of \$500,000 from the Profit and Loss Account to credit of the Silver Reserve Fund, which will then stand at \$2,000,000.

After making this Transfer and deducting Remuneration to Directors, there remains for appropriation \$2,923,826.01, out of which the Directors recommend the payment of a Dividend of One Pound and Ten Shillings Sterling per Share, which at 4s. 6d. will absorb \$533,333.33.

The difference in Exchange between 4s. 6d., the rate at which the Dividend is declared, and 1s. 11½d., the rate of the day, amounts to \$672,949.39.

The Balance \$1,717,543.29 to be carried to New Profit and Loss Account.

DIRECTORS.

Mr. A. McCONACHIE having resigned his seat on leaving the Colony, Mr. H. W. SLADE has been invited to fill the vacancy; the appointment requires confirmation at this Meeting.

AUDITORS.

The accounts have been audited by Mr. F. HENDERSON and Mr. C. S. SHARP.

N. A. SIEBS,
Chairman.

HONGKONG, 31st July, 1900.

Abstract of Assets and Liabilities, Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation.

30th June, 1900.

LIABILITIES		ASSETS.	
Paid-up Capital..	\$10,000,000.00	Cash ..	\$26,782,994.52
Reserve Fund:—		Coin lodged with the Hongkong Government against Note Circulation in excess of \$10,000,000..	6,070,000.00
Sterling Reserve ..	\$10,000,000.00	Bullion in Hand and in Transit ..	4,878,482.44
Silver Reserve ..	1,500,000.00	Indian Government Rupee Paper ..	1,825,550.89
	11,500,000.00	Colonial and Other Securities ..	5,947,808.34
Marine Insurance Account ..	250,000.00	Sterling Reserve Fund Investments, viz:—	
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Authorised Issue against Securities deposited with the Crown Agents for the Colonies ..	\$10,000,000.00	Lodged with the Bank of England as a Special London Reserve,	
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	11,353,419.00	£452,000 2½ Per Cent. Consols.)	
Current Accounts { Silver ..	\$63,900,416.95	£70,500 2½ Per Cent. National War Loan) at 90 £470,250 ..	4,702,500.00
Gold ..	£1,874,959 6s. 3d. = 18,744,171.93	£349,500 .. Other Sterling securities standing in the books at £339,750 ..	3,397,500.00
	82,644,588.18		10,000,000.00
Fixed Deposits { Silver ..	\$35,733,130.76	Bills Discounted, Loans and Credits ..	74,600,081.72
Gold ..	£4,035,419 14s. 6d. = 40,339,456.99	Bills Receivable ..	90,183,898.25
	76,072,587.75	Bank Premises ..	219,858.16
Bills Payable (including Drafts on London Bankers and Short Sight Drawings on London Office against Bills Receivable and Bullion Shipments) ..	25,250,153.38		
Profit and Loss Account ..	3,438,826.01		
Liability on Bills of Exchange re-discounted, £4,663,936 2s. 3d., of which up to this date £3,127,200 have run off.			
	\$220,509,574.32		\$220,509,574.32

General Profit and Loss Account, Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation.

30th June, 1900.

Dr.		Cr.
To Amounts Written Off:—		By Balance of Undivided Profits, 31st December, 1899
Remuneration to Directors	\$15,000.00	Amount of Net Profits for the Six Months ending 30th June, 1900, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts, deducting all expenses and interest paid and due
Dividend Account:—		
£1 10s. per Share on 80,000 Shares = £120,000 at 4s. 6d.	\$533,333.33	
Dividend Adjustment Account:—		
Difference in Exchange between 4s. 6d., the rate at which the Dividend is declared, and 1s. 11½d., the rate of the day	672,949.39	
Transfer to Silver Reserve Fund	500,000.00	
Balance carried forward to next half-year	1,717,543.29	
	\$3,438,826.01	2,477,982.45
		\$3,438,826.01

Sterling Reserve Fund.

To Balance ..	\$10,000,000.00	By amount transferred from General Reserve Fund (Invested in Sterling Securities.) ..	\$10,000,000.00
	\$10,000,000.00		\$10,000,000.00

Silver Reserve Fund

To Balance ..	\$2,000,000.00	By amount transferred from General Reserve Fund ..	\$1,500,000.00
	\$2,000,000.00	Transfer from Profit and Loss Account ..	500,000.00
			\$2,000,000.00

H. M. BEVIS, Acting Chief Manager.

J. C. PETER, Acting Chief Accountant.

We have compared the above Statement with the Books, Vouchers and Securities at the Head Office, and with the Returns from the various Branches and Agencies, and have found the same to be correct.

N. A. SIEBS,
R. SHEWAN,
A. J. RAYMOND, } Directors.

F. HENDERSON,
C. S. SHARP, } Auditors.

HONGKONG, 31st July, 1900.

The Geldenhuis Estate & Gold Mining Company

(ELANDSFONTEIN No. 1), LIMITED.

CAPITAL (Fully Issued) - - - £200,000.

REPORT

For the Year ending 31st December, 1899.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

E. BOUCHER, *Chairman.*

Directors:

W. H. ROGERS.
PAUL DREYFUS.
W. F. LANCE.
H. STRAKOSCH.

Alternates:

H. A. ROGERS.
M. ELKAN.
A. HERSHENSOHN.
A. BRAKHAN.

General Manager: CAPT. CHAS. HOFFMANN.

Secretary: P. C. HAW

London Agents:

CHAS. RUBE. JNO. PADDON. C. MURRAY. H. ZOEPPRITZ.

London Secretary: A. MOIR.

Paris Agency:

CREDIT LYONNAIS.

Berlin Agency:

DEUTSCHE TREUHAND-GESELLSCHAFT.

Solicitors:

LANCE & HERSHENSOHN.

HEAD OFFICE	Grusonwerk Buildings, Johannesburg.
LONDON OFFICE	120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.
PARIS OFFICE	23 Boulevard des Italiens.
BERLIN OFFICE	Französische Strasse 66-68, Berlin, W.

The Report of the Directors of the Geldenhuis Estate and Gold Mining Company (Elandsfontein No. 1), Limited, for the year ending 31st December, 1899, to be submitted at the Thirteenth Ordinary General Meeting of shareholders says:

FINANCIAL.

The position is as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Gold in transit	4,270	11	2
Sundry debtors	37,211	4	8
Fixed deposits	66,012	15	9
Investments	1,182	0	0
Cash at Bankers' and on hand	4,024	17	3
	112,701	8	10

LIABILITIES.

Sundry creditors (September trade accounts)	£10,651	18	3
Government tax, 1899	8,031	17	3
	£18,683	15	6
Leaving a credit balance of	94,017	13	4
The value of stores on hand is	4,946	17	8

The sundry debtors referred to above include £26,354 *oi. 2d.*, for gold seized by the Government in the beginning of October, 1899, debited to the Alliance Insurance Company with whom the gold is insured; further an amount of £8,900 for gold shipped at the end of September, standing to our credit at the Company's London Office.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

The profit on Mining Operations for the twelve months amounted to £246,646 *12s. 10d.*, as per Profit and Loss Account No. 1.

In connection herewith it has, however, to be considered, that the Mine actually stopped working on the 3rd October, so that the above profit was made in a little over nine months' time, showing an average profit of about £27,000 per month.

Profit and Loss Account No. 2, which includes the expenditure and revenue not actually appertaining to working expenses, shows a credit balance of £224,404 *10s. 1d.*, after allowing for the payment of Dividend No. 15, of 50 per cent. or £100,000, and after deducting the Government Tax on gold and profits for the year 1899, viz., £8,031 *17s. 3d.*

DIVIDENDS.

A dividend of 50 per cent., or £100,000, was declared for the first half-year ending 30th June, 1899, being Dividend No. 15, payable to Shareholders and holders of bearer share warrants registered on the 30th June, 1899.

The Dividends now paid by the Company are as follows:—

No.	1—5% Registered Shareholders	1st May, 1888	£
" 2—15	"	31st Dec. 1891	4,000
" 3—10	"	30th Sept., 1892	17,500
" 4—10	"	31st Mar., 1893	17,500
" 5—15	"	30th Sept., 1893	26,250
" 6—20	"	11th April, 1894	37,500
" 7—10	"	15th Oct., 1894	20,000
" 8—30	"	10th July, 1895	60,000
" 9—12½	"	15th Oct., 1896	25,000
" 10—15	"	15th April, 1897	30,000
" 11—30	"	15th Oct., 1897	60,000
" 12—50	"	31st Mar., 1898	100,000
" 13—60	"	28th Sept., 1898	120,000
" 14—37½	"	31st Dec., 1898	75,000
" 15—50	"	30th June, 1899	100,000
			710,750

In view of the critical circumstances in which this country is involved, the Directors have thought fit not to declare the usual dividend at the end of the year, wishing to keep all the available funds for any possible emergency.

GELDENHUIS ESTATE AND GOLD MINING CO.

(ELANDSFONTEIN No. 1), LIMITED.

Balance Sheet showing Assets and Liabilities at 31st December, 1899.

Dr.	£	s.	d.
To Capital account	200,000	0	0
" Sundry Creditors	10,651	18	3
" Government Tax for 1899 (to 11th October)	8,031	17	3
" Balance Profit and Loss Account	284,404	10	1
	<u>£443,008</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>7</u>
Cr.	£	s.	d.
By Property Account (Mynpacht, Estates and Claims)	108,395	7	0
" Battery	41,030	0	0
" Battery Pumping Plant	5,172	0	0
" Frue Vanners	358	0	0
" Cyanide Works	23,523	0	0
" Concentrating Plant	3,180	0	0
" Slime Dams (Nos. 1, 2, 3)	1,015	0	0
" New Slime Pits	89	0	0
" Slime Plant	30,864	0	0
" East Incline Shaft	7,341	0	0
" Main Incline Shaft	7,630	0	0
" Hauling and Pumping Plant	3,015	0	0
" Hauling Gear, East Incline	5,870	0	0
" Hauling Gear, Main Incline	5,967	0	0
" Mechanical Haulage	2,542	0	3
" Compressor	2,176	0	0
" New Rand Compressor	5,567	0	0
" Rock Drill Plant	1,868	0	0
" Rock Breaker Station	2,541	0	0
" New Boiler Plant	5,539	0	0
" New Condenser	208	13	3
" Tram Plant	1,740	0	0
" Assay Plant	160	0	0
" Pan and Test Furnace	570	0	0
" Plant, General	7,122	0	0
" Dams	4,300	0	0
" Reservoirs	1,042	0	0
" No. 1 Pumping Station	2,894	0	0
" No. 2 Pumping Station	1,440	0	0
" New No. 2 Pumping Station and Dam	3,767	0	0
" Well Sinking	35	0	0
" Water Shaft Estate No. 1	1,679	10	9
" do. do. No. 2	1,187	17	11
" do. do. No. 3	127	10	10
" Buildings	16,240	0	0
" Hospital (Building and Furniture)	606	0	0
" Furniture	606	0	0
" Live Stock	32	5	0
" General Electric Plant	16,784	0	0
" Telephone Plant	206	0	0
" Sanitary Plant	61	0	0
" Tree Planting	754	0	0
" New Beacons	32	0	0
Sundry Debtors—			
Alliance Insurance Co. (Gold Account)	£26,354	0	2
London Office (Gold Account)	8,900	0	0
Sundries	1,957	4	6
	<u>37,211</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>8</u>
Insurances Prepaid	173	14	4
Investments—			
Rand Mutual Insurance Company's Shares	660	0	0
Rand Native Labour Assurance Shares	522	0	0
	<u>1,182</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>
" Stores on Hand	4,946	17	8
" Gold in Transit (estimated surplus)	4,870	11	2
" Fixed Deposits and Interests to date	66,012	15	9
" Cash—			
In London	3,265	13	6
In Johannesburg	744	4	9
In Office	15	0	0
	<u>4,024</u>	<u>17</u>	<u>3</u>
	<u>£443,088</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>7</u>

E. UTING, Acting Secretary.

E. BOUCHER, Chairman.
A. BRAKHAN, }
M. ELKAN, } Directors.

We have examined the Bank Pass Books and Vouchers, and compared the same with the books of the Geldenhuis Estate and Gold Mining Company (Elandsfontein, No. 1), Limited, for the period ended 31st December, 1899, and we certify that the above Balance Sheet represents a true and correct statement of the Company's affairs on that date.

H. MACRAE, F.S.A.A., }
GEO. HESSE, F.S.A.A., Eng., } Auditors.

Johannesburg, 1st May, 1900.

Profit and Loss Account, No. 1, for period ending 31st December, 1899.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Working Expenses—						
Mining	57,101	15	7			
Hauling and Pumping	4,427	5	7			
Sorting, Crushing and Trimming	5,432	8	9			
Development	9,661	7	5			
Maintenance	29,763	2	2			
Milling	13,858	2	0			
Mill Water Supply	2,283	11				
Cyaniding Concentrates	2,214	18	4			
Cyaniding Sand	13,506	0	3			
Cyaniding Slime (current)	4,944	17	9			
Cyaniding Slime (accumulated)	2,334	17	1			
Charges in Johannesburg and Europe	6,055	9	2			
Caretaking (since commencement of war)	578	9	8			
				<u>132,461</u>	<u>16</u>	<u>8</u>
" Balance to No. 2 Account				246,046	13	10
				<u>£378,507</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>6</u>
Cr.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Gold Realised—						
Mill	219,125	12	4			
Cyanide	121,234	8	5			
Slime	26,136	6	5			
				<u>366,495</u>	<u>7</u>	<u>2</u>
" Gold in Transit (estimated surplus)—						
Mill	2,766	7	3			
Cyanide	1,107	15	11			
Slime	306	8	0			
				<u>4,179</u>	<u>11</u>	<u>2</u>
" Gold Commandeered—						
Mill	18,744	7	6			
Cyanide	5,809	6	3			
Slime	2,400	6	5			
				<u>26,953</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>2</u>
" By-products				1,987	11	0
				<u>£300,108</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>6</u>

E. UTING, Acting Secretary.

E. BOUCHER, Chairman.
A. BRAKHAN, }
M. ELKAN, } Directors.

Examined and found correct.

H. J. MACRAE, F.S.A.A., }
GEO. HESSE, F.S.A.A., Eng., } Auditors.

Johannesburg, 1st May, 1900.

Profit and Loss Account, No. 2, for period ending 31st December, 1899.

Dr.	£	s.	d.
To Audit Fees	210	0	0
" Bonus to Directors (£1,000, General Manager and Staff (£2,000 voted at General Meeting)	3,050	0	0
" Bonus (being one month's wages to Workmen and Staff in October	2,820	8	4
" Directors' Commission (As per Trust Deed).	1,500	0	0
" Dividend No. 15 (50 per cent.)	109,000	0	0
" Speciale Politie voor de Mijnen	920	0	0
" Government Tax, 1898	1,032	12	7
" Government Tax, 1899, to 11th October	8,931	17	3
" Depreciation (details in annexed sheet)	35,648	0	9
" Balance to Balance Sheet	224,404	10	1
	<u>£377,617</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>0</u>
Cr.	£	s.	d.
By Balance, from 31st December, 1898	125,270	16	1
" Balance, from No. 1 Account	246,646	12	10
" Discount and Interest Account	2,249	19	9
" Warrant Fees	30	13	0
" Estate Account	3,267	12	4
" Dividend on Investment Account	132	0	0
	<u>£377,617</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>0</u>

E. UTING, Acting Secretary.

E. BOUCHER, Chairman.
A. BRAKHAN, }
M. ELKAN, } Directors.

Examined and found correct.

H. J. MACRAE, F.S.A.A., }
GEO. HESSE, F.S.A.A., Eng., } Auditors.

Johannesburg, 1st May, 1900.

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS.

Notice is hereby given that, in consequence of the abnormal state of affairs in the country, the Ordinary General Meeting of Shareholders for the year 1899 will not take place as prescribed by the Trust Deed.

Shareholders will be duly advised when such Meeting will take place.

By Order,
E. UTING,
Acting Secretary.

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